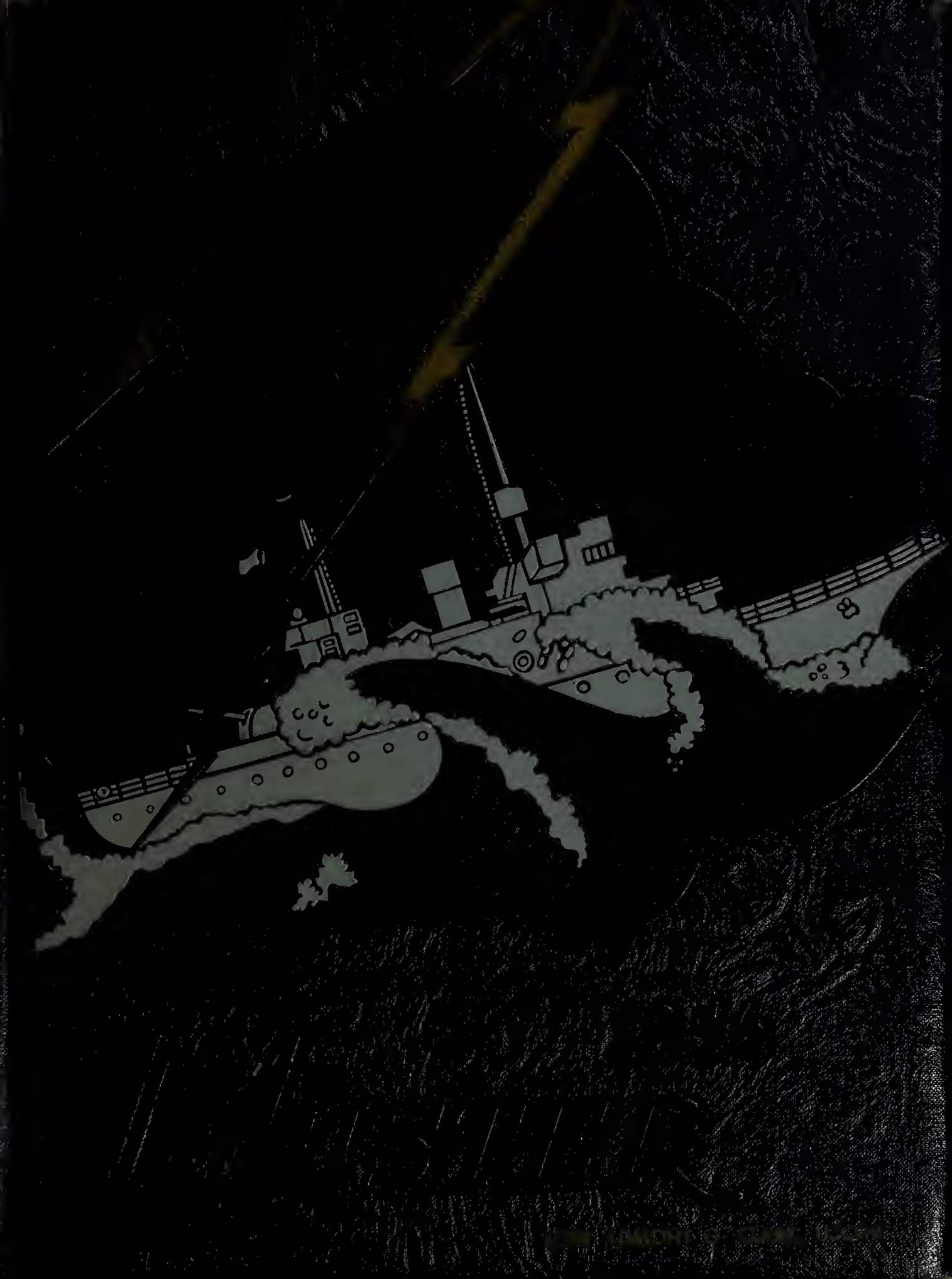
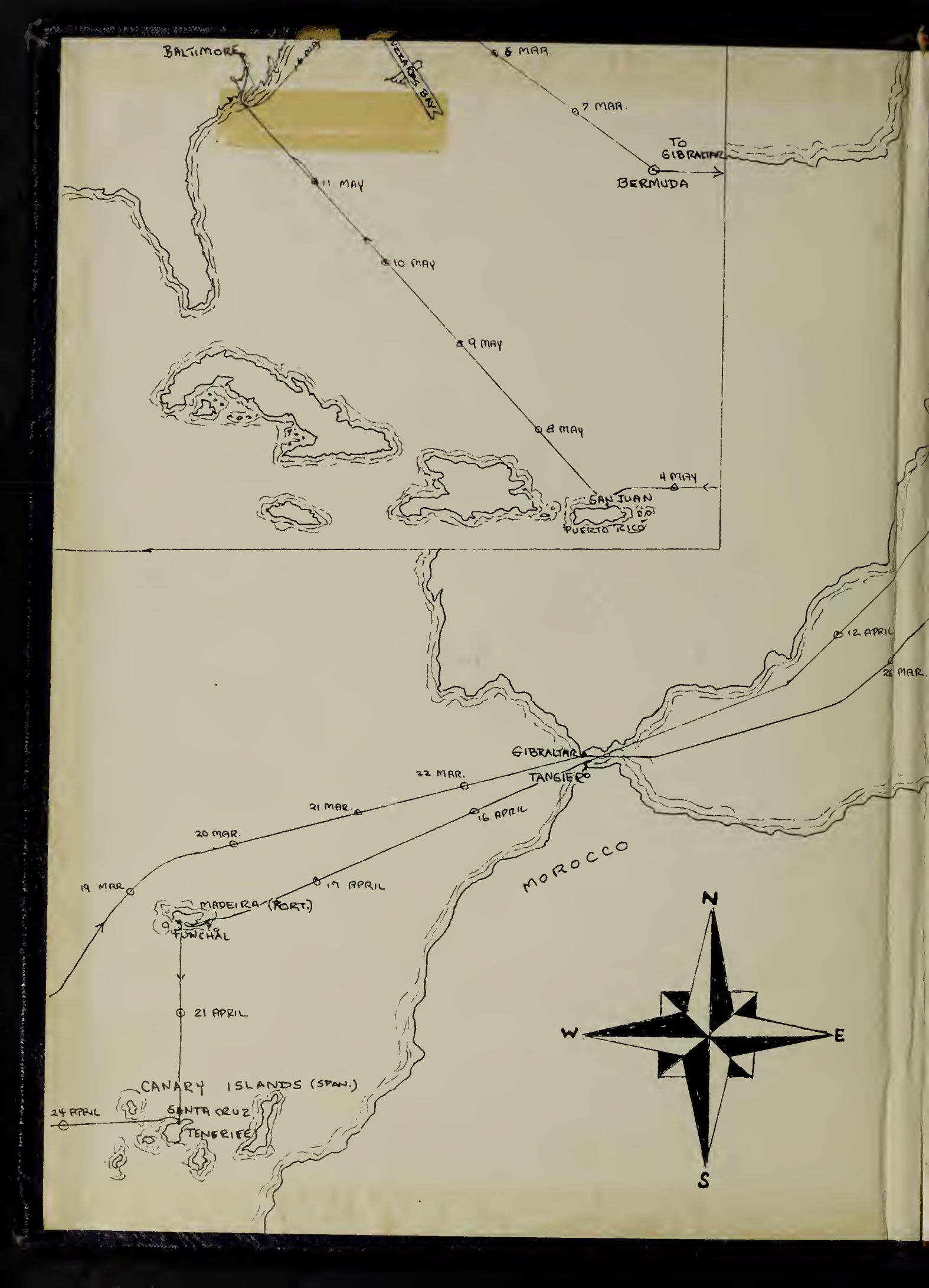



BALTIMORE
CHESAPEAKE BAY
6 MAR.
7 MAR.
TO GIBRALTAR
BERMUDA
11 MAY
10 MAY
9 MAY
8 MAY
4 MAY
SAN JUAN
PUERTO RICO
12 APRIL
28 MAR.
GIBRALTAR
TANGIER
22 MAR.
21 MAR.
20 MAR.
19 MAR.
16 APRIL
17 APRIL
MOROCCO
MADEIRA (PORT.)
FUNCHAL
21 APRIL
CANARY ISLANDS (SPAN.)
24 APRIL
SANTA CRUZ
TENERIFE
N
W
E
S

Mediterranean

CRUISE

1956

5 MARCH 17 MAY

11,194 MILES

presenting

THE MUSTER

NINETEEN HUNDRED, FIFTY-SIX

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

DEDICATION

LT. PAUL G. HIRST, USMS

To Lieutenant Paul G. Hirst go our thanks for all the time and energy he devoted to our class during our three years as Midshipmen. Tirelessly he showed us the ways and means, both in the classroom and outside it, of becoming good officers. In humble recognition of these efforts we the class of 1956 dedicate our yearbook to him in part, for a job well done.

JOHN F. FITZGERALD

To John Fitzgerald, cook, father-confessor to the football team, and our most avid sports fan, we as a class owe a particularly warm vote of thanks. He did his best to satisfy our ravening appetites, and we knew that we could always count on him in a pinch. As our good friend, he shares this dedication.

CONTENTS

Administration

Seniors

Cruises

Activities

Sports

HISTORY OF

Sixty-five years ago the Commonwealth of Massachusetts established the charter for this school, to train young men in the skills and traditions of her seafaring forefathers.

Even before the birth of this nation, in the days of the colonial empires of France, Spain, and England, Massachusetts was setting an enviable record for her future men of the sea to follow. Her ships and sailors sought out every corner of the globe, bringing home all the laurels that they possibly could obtain. In the China trade, her Clippers were first, her Whalers, from New Bedford and Nantucket, roamed far and wide over the vast Pacific, and her merchantmen plied their trade to every port that was open to them.

In order to maintain her supremacy in a world of ever increasing competition, the Massachusetts Nautical School was founded in 1891 to provide a training center for a highly skilled class of Merchant Marine Officers. The School as a two year preparatory course for merchant seamen began functioning in 1893 aboard the bark "Enterprise," which served as the training ship until 1909.

In 1909, the "Ranger," a barkentine, was acquired from the Navy and renamed the "Nantucket." Through three decades the "Nancy" served faithfully and well, carrying the cadets to every corner of the globe and producing a caliber of seaman that makes the men of Massachusetts proud of their school.

During the depression and through many futile attempts to close the Academy, the "Nantucket" cruised the oceans of the world with her cadets. As the nation plunged headlong into war once more, the Navy in desperate need of trained officers, turned to the Academy for help.

THE ACADEMY

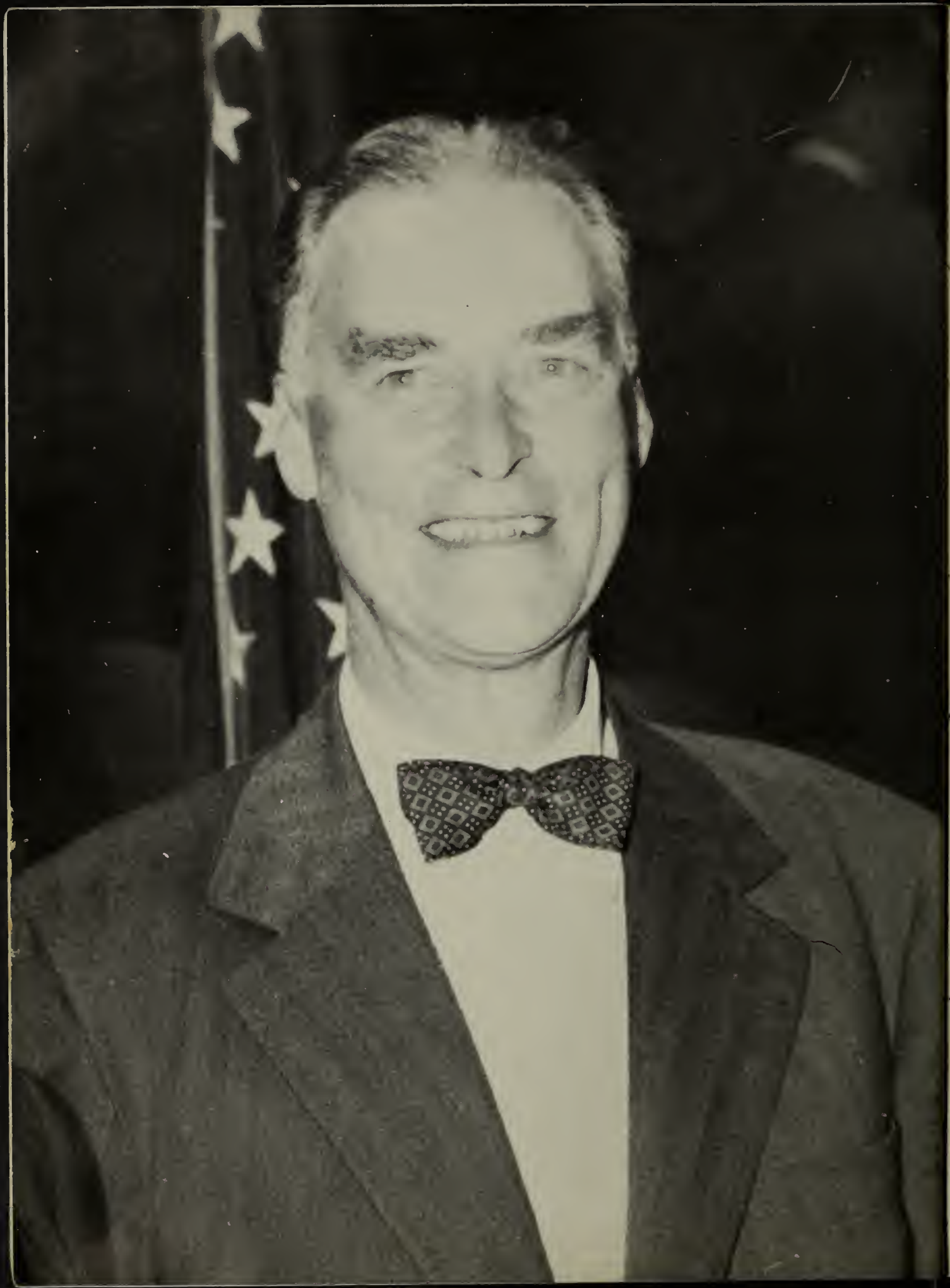
The academic course was shortened to eighteen months and the "Nantucket" was retired to spend the rest of her days at the United States Maritime Academy at Kings' Point, New York.

To accommodate the influx of new men into the school, the Academy came ashore and was settled into buildings at Hyannis on Cape Cod, in July, 1942. The training cruises were made in Maritime Commission ships, running short hauls along the coast. Throughout the war, Massachusetts produced a goodly number of well-trained, well-equipped men for the U. S. Navy and Merchant Service, whose records proved Massachusetts' graduates far and away the best among the other Maritime schools.

With the war won, Massachusetts expaned and lengthened the academy curriculum to a three year course, awarding a Bachelor of Science degree in Navigation and in Engineering to graduates. In addition, each graduate received a Naval Reserve commission and his Coast Guard license.

The new school ship, the "Charleston," PG-51, was the Academy's first since the "Nantucket" was retired in 1941. The midshipmen first boarded her in San Francisco in 1948. They sailed her proudly home through the Panama Canal, up the Atlantic seaboard, and to her new berth at the State Pier in Buzzards Bay.

Plans for expanding the Academy's physical plant were formulated and they went ahead at first in grand style, but then were stalled in a myriad of State and Federal red tape. Finally, in 1955, the State appropriated money to begin the construction of adequate facilities. So with this, the first concrete action after many hopes and promises, the Class of 1956 leaves the school with the prospect of returning in a few years to a larger and better Massachusetts Maritime Academy.



CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

Once again it is a pleasure to convey the official greetings of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, as well as my own personal best wishes, to the graduating class of the Maritime Academy through the pages of your fine yearbook, the MUSTER. Your neighbors and fellow citizens in this state join me in congratulating you for a task well done during your undergraduate years and in wishing you well in the bright and important years stretching ahead.

Sincerely yours,

Christian A. Herter

Administration

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

As you read this letter for the first time you will be poised on the brink of leaving us-- venturing forth along the diverse ways of men.

While you have been here you have learned a great deal of the craft of sea-faring, you have already seen strange strands, you have become men, I trust, fitted-- to quote Milton-- "To perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the duties, public and private, of peace and war."

Look at those words often. Learn them well. They encompass all the virtues that keep our country great.

I am sure you will be worthy of them.

Sincerely yours,

Julian D. Wilson
Rear Admiral, USN(Ret.)
Superintendent

Captain John W. Thompson, USMS
Commanding Officer

ADMINISTRATION

Commander James M. Murray, USNR
Chief Engineer

Commander Richard T. Rounds, USNR
Executive Officer

NAVIGATION & SEAMANSHIP

Commander Louis A. Woodland, USNR
Navigator

Commander William J. Connors, USNR

Lieutenant Lucian T. Page, USMS

NAVIGATION & SEAMANSHIP

Lieutenant Paul G. Hirst, USMS

Chief Boatswain Arthur G. Brenner, MMA

Commander William H. Hemmerly, USNR

Lieutenant Commander
James D. Crosby, USNR

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Lieutenant Albert W. Livesey, USNR

Lieutenant (J.G.) Mario Tonnello, USNR

Lieutenant Commander
Admont G. Clark, USCGR

ACADEMIC

Lieutenant Frederick G. Wikander, MMA

Lieutenant Lee F. Harrington, USNR

Lieutenant Richard N. Boulter, USNR

Lieutenant Charles L. Jaillet, MMA

DEPARTMENT

Doctor Joseph T. Boyle

Lieutenant Alvin Anteen, USMS MMA

Lieutenant Commander
Joseph E. Simone, USN

Lieutenant John T. Smith, USNR

Lieutenant (J.G.)
Richard J. Zimmerman, USNR

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Chief Gunner's Mate
Ernest Yaindl, USN

Chief Yeoman
Eugene Masin, USN

C.P.O.

Seniors

ACTIVITIES:

Battalion Commander

S.J.A. Club

Co-Chairman Ring Dance Committee

Vice Pres. Propeller Club

Athletic Board

BATT. COMM. ROBERT E. GREER
Griz
Hobbs Road
North Hampton, New Hampshire

One historical day in August 1953 there came upon this barnacle-clad campus of ours this somewhat bewildered young man. It wasn't long until "Griz" became accustomed to the hub-bub of routine and won the respect of all.

Appointed Battalion Commander, Griz served as an able leader, never too busy to hear the problems of any one who sought his advice, no matter what their class.

Often above the roar of many young jet planes could be heard, "Say, young man, this way."

We will never forget this land-flying jet pilot who was our classmate. Bound for the Naval Air after graduation, we wish him good luck in the future.

ACTIVITIES:

Ring Committee, Chairman

Ring Dance Committee, Co-Chairman

Honor Guard

Propeller Club

Headacres Vat 69 Club

Newman Club

Intramural Football

BATT. ADJ. KEVIN T. SHYNE
"Old Man"
714 Jerusalem Road
Cohasset, Massachusetts

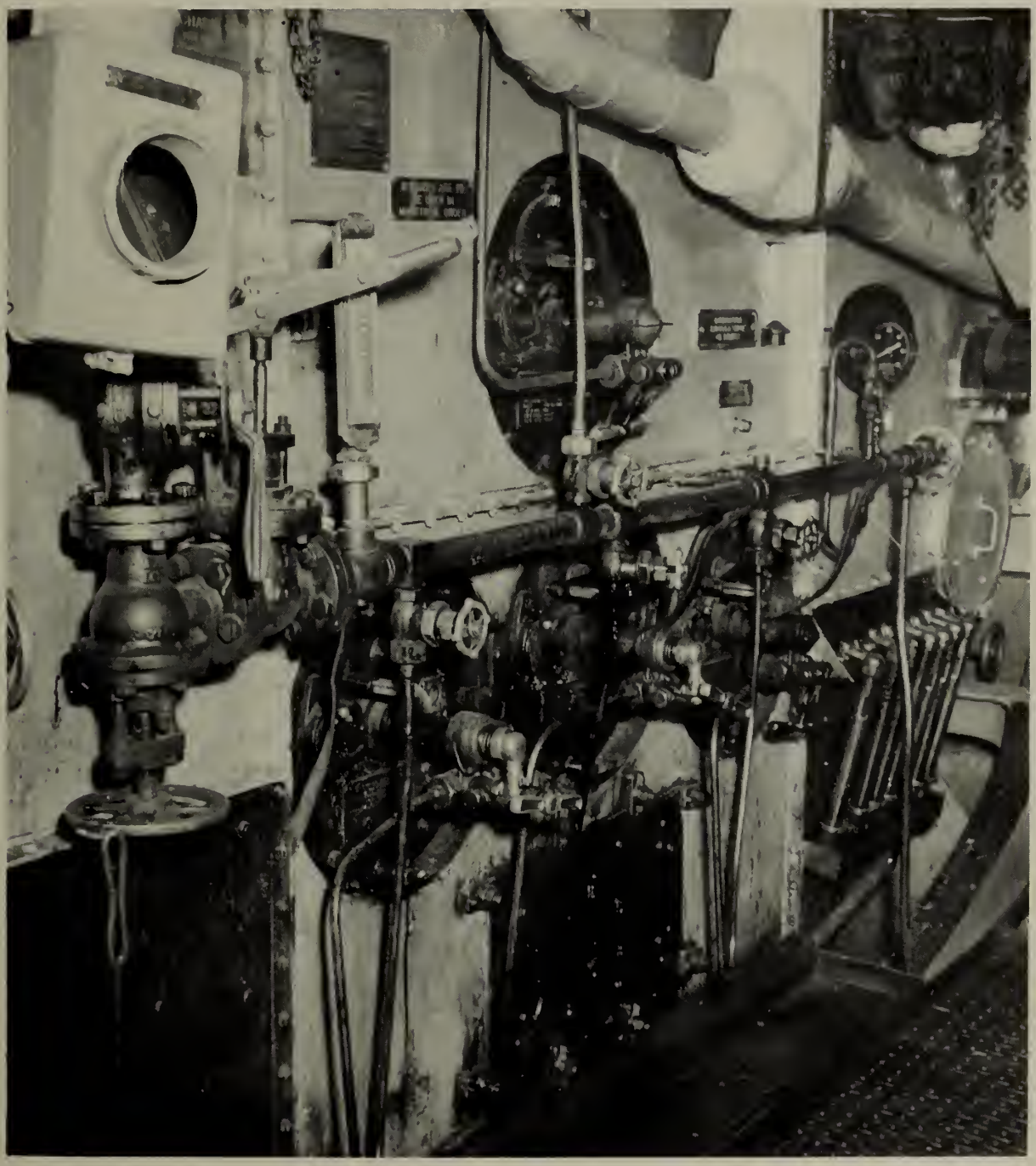
From the moment "Dad" joined us, we all knew that for which he was destined.

After a year's encounter with the fireroom's bilges, Kevin immediately swore that next year those bilges would be the cleanest on the ship. To make this prophecy come true he spent every morning in the fireroom giving the new youngies detailed instructions on the proper procedure for effective bilge cleaning. When this effort was to no avail, he decided to do something about it so he hooked up the fire hose and did it himself. It was incidents such as this that made Kevin our rightful leader as Battalion Adjutant.

Dad will always be remembered as the only middie who had a full interest in the ship's laundry without even working there.

Here's luck to our old colleague. We know he will go far, for success is a measure of experience and he has plenty of that.

BOILER DIVISION



Yearbook Staff
Intramural Softball
Propeller Club
Watch II Party Member

Carl F. M. Trapp
Steam
175 West 93 Street
New York 25, New York

From the bright lights of Broadway to the gloomy dinge of Buzzards Gulch came the suave, slim figure of Sir Carl Friedrich Martin Trapp. Carl was one of the more prominent, and I do mean Prominent, figures on the campus. He soon won the admiration of his classmates with his never ending friendly school spirit, especially in the Naval Science classes.

We will always remember Carl as we last saw him on his way to old New York, bouncing down the Merrit Parkway with his pal, "Slim Zim."

Propeller Club
Band
Watch IV Old Guard
Softball

Cadet Ensign George Stewart
Duck
1660 Washington Street
Braintree, Massachusetts

From the wilds of Braintree Highlands George came to M.M.A., seeking protection from the approaching duck season. But the "Duck" soon found that youngies were in season all year round, even if they were as innocent and mild-mannered as he. George has spent a lot of time in the engineering spaces, but most of it was used as a 3rd classman avoiding the engineers compartment.

George took a lot of ribbing about his attachment to his studies but his sterling play on the softball team and his store of sports statistics proved that he didn't spend all of his weekends reading Kings and Osbournes. It will be hard to forget his many matches of wit with "Muff" and his incredible knowledge of engineering. As long as George doesn't antagonize too many of his superiors by correcting their mistakes, he should have a quick and easy path to his chief's license.

Baseball
St. Thomas Touring Club
Propeller Club
Basketball
President T.C.S. Club

ARTHUR GEORGE ALDRICH, JR.
Henry
10 Marble Road
Gloucester, Massachusetts

From the draggers of Gloucester to the good ship "Chun" came "Henry Aldrich" the Gloucester fisherman.

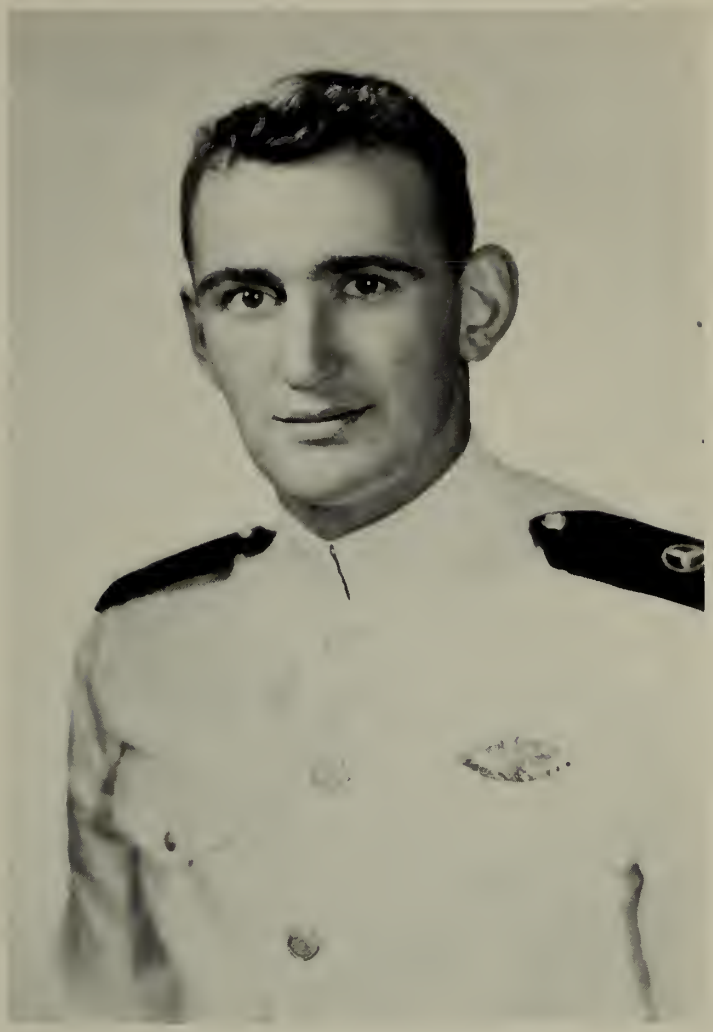
As a young man Henry was quite a story-teller and many a night he spent in the port aisle entertaining the upper jobs, including of course, Duke and the "Fog", with his thrilling exploits.

As our first section leader Henry proved himself well able to control the masses, so much that he became a private eye for the Doucet Detective Agency. Many days found Henry and the "Fog" engaged in extra curricular activities either in "short hops" to Hyannis or "skin diving" in Buzzards Bay.

Henry will always remember the ports he visited, especially Ciudad Trujillo and Havana, and the friends, female and otherwise, while cruising on the Charleston.

None of us will ever forget Art, for he was another of those Gloucester fishermen who go down to the sea in ships.

Football
Softball
Baseball, trainer
Bitter End Club
Rowing Team
Secretary, T.C.S. Club



Reginald V. Berry
Reg
102 Elm Street
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Out of the deep, dark, corridors of the African Jungle comes one of the jungle's most famous characters, "Dumbo" the flying elephant. His ability to fly is exceeded only by his great ability on the football field.

"Reggie" will always remember Philly and the loss of one of his crooked ivories at the hands of one of his classmates and fellow "Header."

Not being satisfied with membership in the horizontal club of the starboard aisle, he also became a member of the horizontal club of Brighton Marine Hospital. He has resigned from the latter but is very active in the former.

Do in life as you've done on the football field and you'll have no problems, Reggie.

Football, 1, 2, 3
Baseball, 1, 2, 3
Intramural Softball
Propeller Club
Interpretive Dancing
V.P., T.C.S. Club

ROBERT FRANCIS BRENNOCK
Anyface
32 Sudan Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

From the jungles of darkest Dorchester came Anyface, wearer of many faces, but master of none. Bob as he is sometimes called, was dissatisfied with his face in our youngie year, so after a few twists and bashes here and there, Anyface emerged to take part in our infamous history.

Bob will be remembered in our hallowed halls mostly for his outstanding ability on the gridiron. Luck always seemed to be with him until a week before the Maine game, when "Nails" received his first injury. Also, he will be remembered for those Sunday night chats that lasted into the wee hours of the morning. The subject was always the adventures of Anyface, master criminal, or Wes and the boys.

So whether it's the Merchies or the Great Grog Fleet, here's to all your faces from all of us. Good luck to a great guy and a great pal.

Football First Committee
Muster Staff
Band
Intramural Football and Softball
Casino, Vice Pres.
Veteran, Battle of the Bitter End

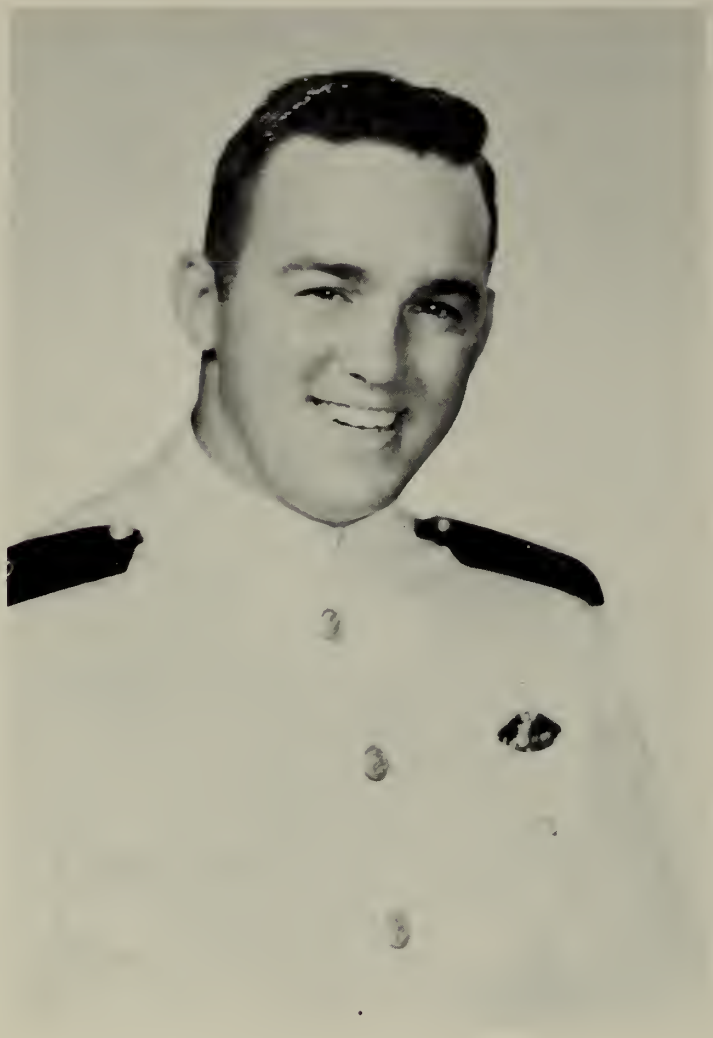
G. Edward Cullinane
Jet
180 Raynor Avenue
Whitman, Massachusetts

Ed, better known as "Swish", is one Middie who is never around when you want him, but once he is found (usually in his rack) is always willing to lend a helping hand. During his three-year stay here, he has provided us with many hours of entertainment, playing his guitar and taking an active part in our rallies. He has also been seen playing with the band on occasion, when someone got him up in time.

During the first year here, if you wanted him your best bet was to take the next flight to Florida, for there was once someone down there who was taking up a lot of his time. Even the cruise didn't interfere with this affair.

But that is all in the past now and although he still bears the marks of that adventure, he can usually be found around town keeping tabs on the local gals.

We all know you want to fly, Ed, so good luck and be sure and give us a buzz sometimes. Or should I say, swis-s-s-h.



Baseball
Propeller Club
Softball
St. Thomas Touring Club
Football
Rowing Team
Bitter End Club

THOMAS J. DUGGAN
92 Templeton Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"Damm-it!" And another mess deck door crumbles under the mighty fist of Humphrey.

This lovable little bit of mountain soon became known for his feats of strength. The upper-jobs thought twice before tangling with big Tom, that is, all except "the leader" but he soon fell to the ways of his colleagues.

Many a pleasant evening was spent in the starboard aisle watching Tom puff on a cigar and listening to soothing music while dreaming of a certain Miss in Dorchester.

Tom captained one of the best football teams this school has ever seen and played outstanding ball as fullback for his three seasons here. After completing his football career here at the Academy his talents were turned to the foil!!

Here's wishing luck to Claire and Tom wherever they may go for his pleasant manner will surely lead him to success.

Propeller Club
Intramural Softball
Band
Football First Committee
Ring Dance Committee
Port Aisle Club

John Wilfred Edney, Jr.
Cyrano
37 Bullard Road
Dedham, Massachusetts

Jack joined us a year late and was soon accepted into our ranks as a second job. Not long after his indoctrination, a very peculiar characteristic about him was noticed. Because of this novel feature he was soon christened "Cyrano", or was it "Cyranose"? Whenever Bill and Jack got together you could always depend on a variation, so Jack was soon made an honorary member of Watch III.

Who was it that left a trail of dead butterflies in Trinidad, and whose idiosyncrasy is it to take showers in the middle of the night with all his clothes on and then play patty-cake with a bucket of ice water? With Heineken in mind we say "Here's to you, Cyrano".

Baseball
Rowing Team
Interpretive Dancing
Football
Softball
Propeller Club

DANIEL I. WARD
21 Longfellow Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Weren't the upper jobs surprised when a large trailer truck puller up on the dock and Dan was led down the ramp by his trainer, Anyface. Citation was very disappointed when he found that he could not keep his oats on board, but he stuck it out anyway much to the admiration of the Middies. Dan's racing ability was soon proven as the only challenger, the Thunderbolt, ate the dust of our thoroughbred stallion.

Dan proved his value on the gridiron and was rewarded for his spectacular ballplaying by being appointed, as an upper-job, starting tackle on the All State Pier Eleven.

Dan will always be remembered for his never dying smile and easy-going manner. We all predict Citation a great future and may he never lose an honest race.

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Sullivan, Cialdea, Duffley, Freeman, Billings.
Second Row: Buthman, Ellis, Anderson, Butler.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Fields, Crowninshield, B., Crowninshield, G., O'Connell.
Second Row: Foss, O'Neil.

FIRST DECK DIVISION

Drill Squad
Honor Guard
Propeller Club
S.J.A. Club
Cadet Lieutenant

Cadet Lieutenant Paul Robert Standley
34 Bisson Street
Beverly, Massachusetts

Scupper came to M.M.A. straight from the yachting circle of the North Shore. Another of the North Shore redheads, Stan's knowledge of seamanship stood him in good stead 'til that day in Columbia when he met a head harder than his on the fantail. His ability to maintain 30 inches of mercury and his mastering of the Academy rock-crusher were traits causing him many hours of mental anguish.

During his Youngie cruise, his scholastic achievements became world renowned and during his stay at M.M.A. he maintained his high class standing.

As leader of the "Fighting First" he could oft be heard chewing out the second hacs with his favorite saying, "Or go on Report".

Whether the Merchant Marine or Uncle Sam's Finest be his choice, Stan is sure to meet with success going "Hellbent for election".

Honor Guard
Drill Squad
Ring Committee
Ring Dance Committee
Supper Club
2125 Club

Cadet Ensign William Robert Canniff
165 Rockland Street
Canton, Massachusetts

Joining our ranks from Canton High comes the "Canton Terror". As he strolls through the passageways swinging his garrison belt the cry, "Where's my bwoom?" echoes throughout the ship. Bill is a "Johnny on the spot" when one of his classmates needs help in patching up his love-life, even willing to fix up Middies with members of his harem. This harem is composed of girls from Brockton, Canton, Stoughton and many other neighboring towns.

A top student and cadet ensign, we are sure that Bill will go far.

Good luck in the future, Bill.

Rowing Team
2125 Club
Century Club
Keeper of the Keys
Supper Club 1, 2, 3
Glee Club
Band
Fencing Team
Swimming Team

ROBERT WILLIAM CASHMAN
29 Quincy Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

"Old Cash", the original "Mr. Quincy" arrived at M.M.A. in a blaze of glory. He won many friends with his quick humor and the bottle of "handy brandy" he kept in his locker. Things ran pretty smooth for the South Quincy Terror until one night around midnight he started to tear up the quarter-deck and had to be put in his place by Mr. Hirst. This didn't phase our dauntless hero in the least and he soon went on to new and bigger things. For the sake of humor, Uncle Bob organized M.M.A.'s own National Guard Unit and trained them for combat against Sid. We think it proper to mention a little bit concerning cruise time. Many was the night Old Cash could be seen partaking of a little of "this and that" with his friends south of the border. To sum this up, we would like to say that Cash is a true sailor in every meaning of the word and his seamanship ability won him the respect of the officers and his shipmates.

Drill Squad
Ring Dance Committee
Propeller Club
Canton Club
2125 Club
Reinstated Member of S.J.A. Club
Honor Guard
Cadet Lt. (Broken)

ROBERT N. CLEVELAND
74 Governor Bradford Road
Barrington, Rhode Island

From the paint-covered decks of Atlantic's tanker fleet trudged "The Salt" to face the hardships of school. Bob soon showed us that the carefree life of the merchant seaman could be put aside and the books learnt. For he soon became one of the higher standing members of the class.

Grover's quest for the finer things in life led to the title of class lover, the reputation of being a party goer. These finer things in life led to getting . . . . stuck in the mud in Sagamore, out of gas in Canton and out of luck in the parking lot one eventful Sunday morning.

Class President
Drill Squad
Band
Football Manager
Baseball Manager
1630 Club
Propeller Club
Social Chairman
Ring Dance Committee
Auxiliary Fireman of Sandwich

RICHARD WALTER MACDONALD
22 Hayes Avenue
Beverly, Massachusetts

Down from the relative civilization of "The Birthplace of the American Navy" to the desolate land of the almost-bogs traipsed our class dad. Four years with Uncle Sam's "seagoing bakers" and "Mac" was all set to settle down and git hisself a college larning. Right at home amongst the hustle and rush of life aboard the "Chung," the books came first; and soon, with his desire to learn and aims of success clear to all, he was chosen the President of our class.

Through his labors we've spent three years together as one class, and although too old for his old flames, a new light soon shone, and again his untiring efforts helped spell success for our few but joyous social events.

Each year came the awaited cruises and "Mac's" success as a "snapper" made him a familiar figure around the galley, but his delicacies such as tomato bread and baseball doughnuts remain a treat untasted. True to Middy form, "Old Mac" and his sea stories helped pass away time heavy on our hands.

For his guidance and leadership again we extend our sincere thanks.

Propeller Club
Rowing Team
Ring Dance Committee
2125 Club
R.F.V.

Joseph John Vogel
14 Thurston Road
Watertown, Massachusetts

Look in the top rack near the radio—is it a bird? No, it is just our friend, "Joey, the Hawk." Joe, on any occasion, can be seen flying around the shop with a Ship's Const. book in one hand and a radio antenna in the other. In his rack near the "gorge", you may see him listening to his radio and giving orders to all the "Youngies". During the summer you can see Joe riding around in his sailboat.

Joe is always ready to help a friend in need. With his easy disposition Joe will go far in the profession that he chooses.

Good luck, Joe, in the future.

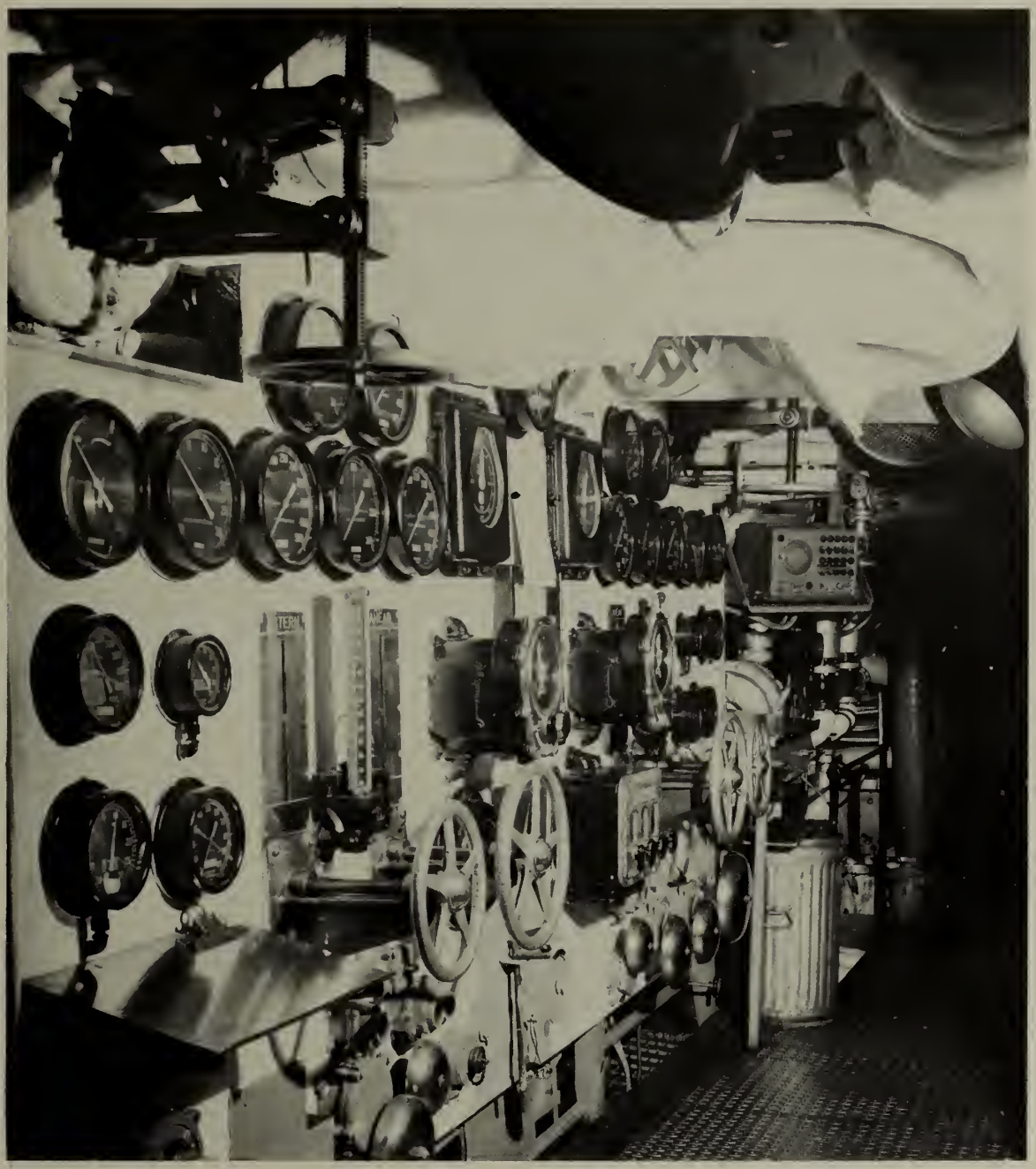
SECOND CLASS

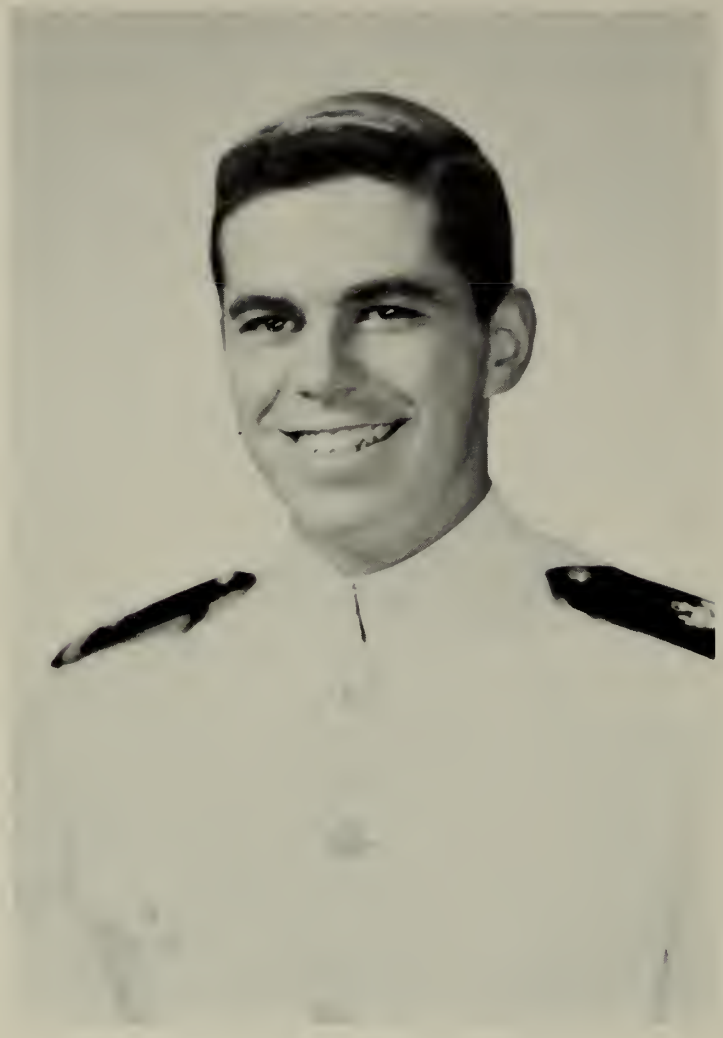
First Row, left to right: Keenan, Aylmer, Broadbent, Ascolillo.
Second Row: Hogan, Drohan, Brown, LaCaire.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Cull, Stetson, Dill, Ayer.
Second Row: Meyer, Sullivan, Goodwin, Butler.

MACHINERY DIVISION





Ring Dance Committee
Watch Four Old Guard
Vat 69 Club
Propeller Club

CADET LIEUTENANT ALAN M. THORPE
Tinker
44 Waterman Road
Roslindale 31, Massachusetts

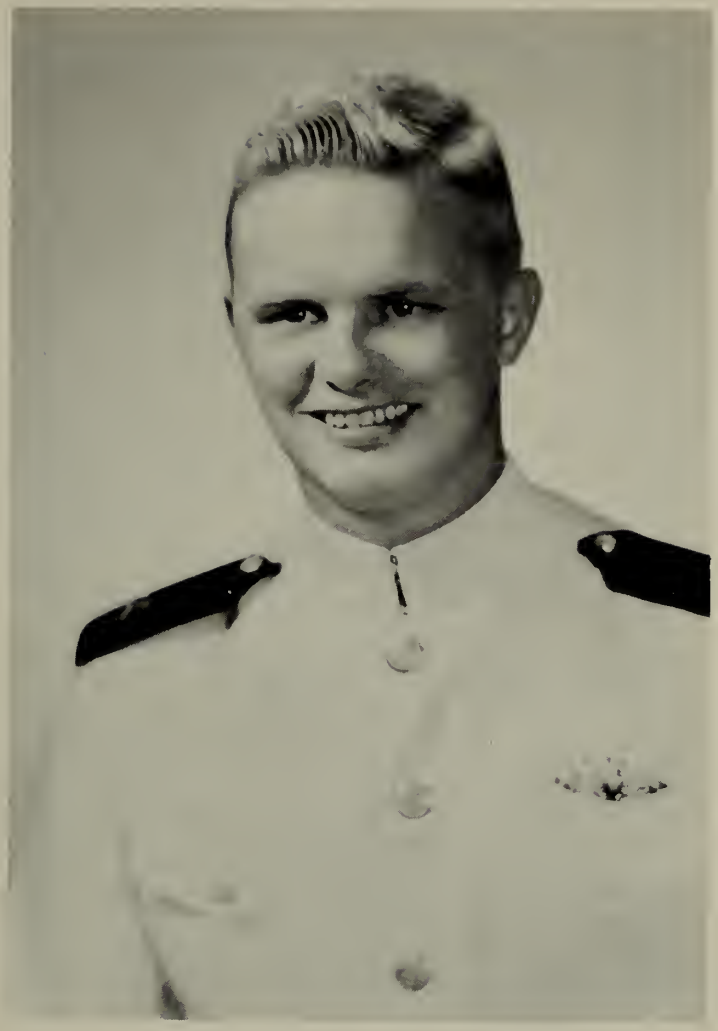
Straight from the campus of Tufts came our little black man, Onga Bonga Wamtambi. The ape man spent two years explaining he was English not African. Yet the fact remained he was the only midshipman who could navigate through the engine room swinging from line to line.

During his first year and a half much of his time weekends was spent in Natick, but during his last year his laundry bill dropped and he spent more time around Boston, taking evening and morning courses at a local "high school on the hill."

Easy living and free loading became quite evident as his waist size went from 28 to 38 and his head sometimes stuck in pillows.

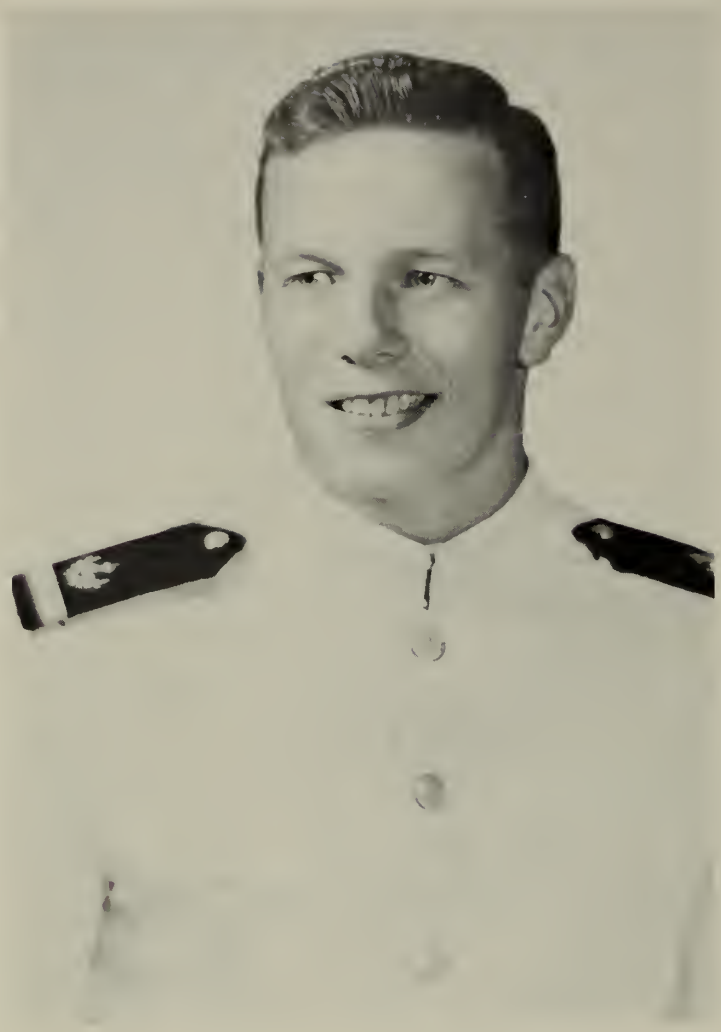
All in all "Tinker" left a good name for himself, studied hard, got his two stripes, pulled down high marks and avoided trouble. Good luck "Tinker."

Yearbook Staff
Starboard Aisle Club
Rowing Team
Propeller Club
Bitter End Club



Cadet Ensign Ralph Lee Church
Punt
5 Mechanic Square
Marblehead, Massachusetts

On a bright, warm, summer day in 1953, a cute lil' fella from Marblehead came walking into M.M.A. to match wits with the great "Herber Leader." Although his vast knowledge has gained the respect of all the Middies, he still found time to romp with the boys. Yes, "Punt's" age was a mystery to all of us, especially in New York State! His buddy "Buffalo" was disheartened however, when Janet came into Ralph's life. But we all know Janet hasn't a chance, as Punt's eye has been caught by a luscious Banana Navy Ship. The boys all wish good luck and good sailing to a cute, but great, little guy.



Football
Pres., Softball League
Propeller Club
Co-Editor, Muster Staff
Free Transportation Society of Cuba
Basketball

FRANK SVANTE BURGESS
Bugsy
90 Worthen Avenue
Weymouth, Massachusetts

Hopping down from the briar patches of Weymouth came one of the outstanding men of our class. Never was there a midshipman with a finer code of morals than Frank Burgess. He immediately became a staunch friend of Uncle Sidney and this friendship lasted throughout his stay at the Academy.

Frank found the secret of thriftiness here within the walls of M.M.A. Some latent strength of character has kept Frank from the follies of most of his classmates. Not even Watch II's extra curricular activities at the Hidden House and Cape Cod could weaken Svante.

The greatest respect and admiration is felt for Frank among the underclassmen. No greater ties of comradeship are felt between the men of different classes than those felt for "Mr." Burgess. He has spent many tireless hours guiding the lower classmen and skillfully indoctrinating them into Naval Officer material. Through a music appreciation club formed by our fine football team he has become the foremost listener to bell like instruments. I many times see Frank in deep concentration, listening to the melodious strains of "the Bells of St. Mary's."

In the future, the Naval Air Arm will be bolstered by Weymouth's Bre'r Rabbit. For you Frank, we know the sky's the limit.

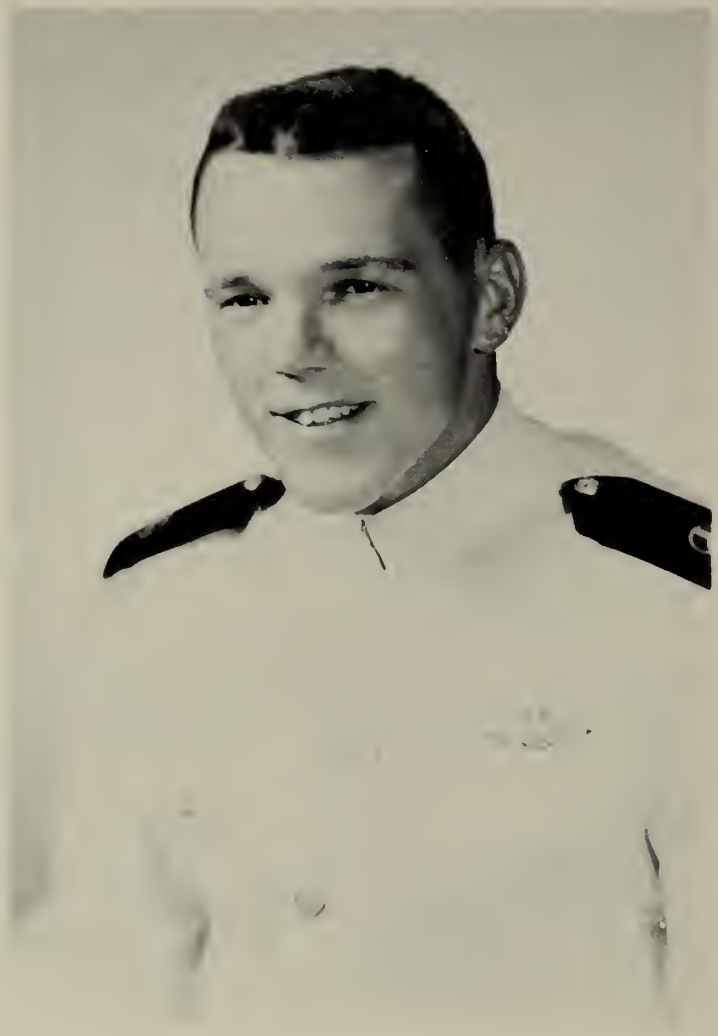
Basketball
Watch II Party Member
Propeller Club
Softball
Free Transportation Society of Cuba

John Francis Fitzgerald
Fitz, Goldfish
330 Essex Street
Weymouth, Massachusetts

Who's that coming up for air? Just a "goldfish", knife in hand. Fitz was very quick on his feet—which saved him many head-on collisions. It also made him very adept on the basketball court.

Jack was known for his radiant smile and back-slapping qualities. We will always remember his well guided steps in Cartegna and his casual manner of paying taxi fares on "time" payments. There was one thing that John would never tell us, why he kept that straw in his locker.

Here's hoping that his $15,000 ambitions, which he has planned so minutely, are finally realized. We know that with his intense powers of concentration and with a "little" help from Dot, John is bound to find success.



Ring Dance Committee
Football 1, 2, 3
Interpretive Dancing
Propeller Club
Rowing Team

EUGENE L. FLYNN
Big Bug, Gene
844 Morton Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Three years ago if you were aboard the good Charleston you would have seen a rarity, a lost bug, E. L. to be specific. From the hallowed halls of "Dot" High, Gene came to us and proved that he was one of Mr. Harrington's ablest and most underrated ballplayers.

Perhaps "Mr. Flynn's" biggest fear since being here is the terror of an insecticide bomb going off in the forward compartment. Gene is sure to remember his novel adventure in Ciudad, his "fishing" trip in Cartegena, and a very good exhibition of skill in Habana.

Gene has found his second home here, so much so, that his brother was enticed to follow in his footsteps. We're sure that Gene with his sincere approach to his work will find success, whether at Pensacola or in the Merchant Marine.

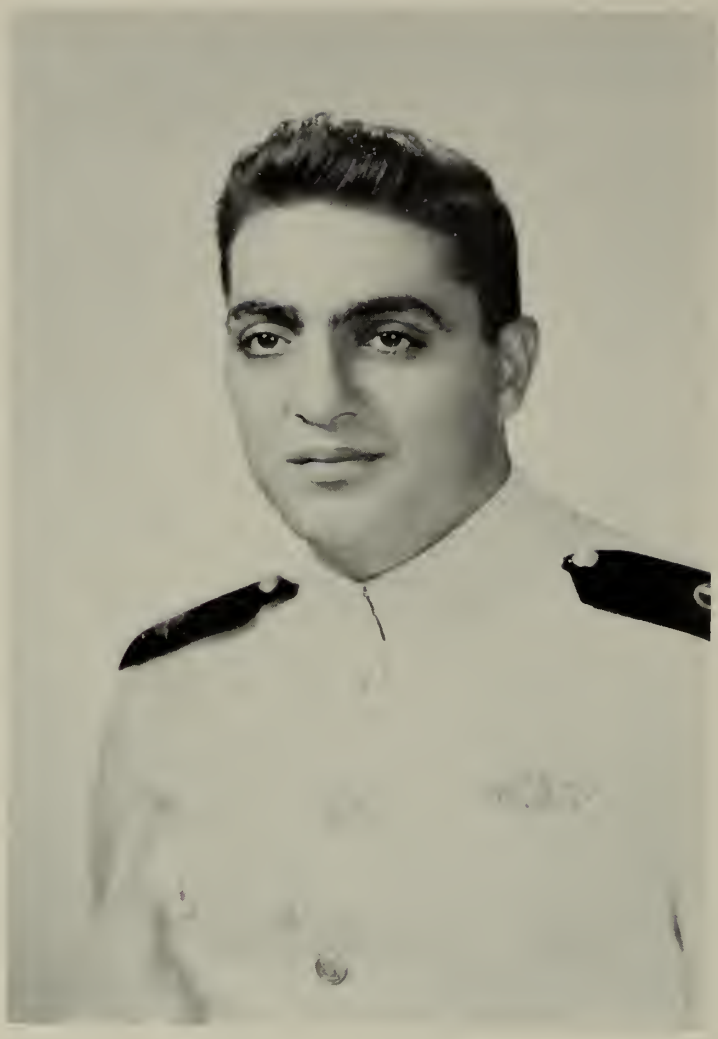
Football 1, 2
Softball 1, 2, 3
Volunteer Cook on Days Off
Propeller Club
P. W. L. H. Club

ROBERT W. GREEN
"Mo"
7 Winthrop Avenue
Marblehead, Massachusetts

From the salty harbors of the North Shore down to the "Chun" waddled the robust little figure who became known to us as "Mo." During his schooling on the bogs. Bob has had many girls friends, the best known of whom was "Queeny."

The "Barrel" was one of the foremost challengers for M.M.A.'s Golden Gloves title. In the past three years we have watched him grow to such proportions that he now spreads his canvas like an elastic band.

All kidding aside, Bob is a guy with a never-fading smile, whether the joke be on him or someone else. With his friendly personality, Bob is sure to be a success in his chosen field.



Class Secretary
Yearbook Business Manager
Special Club
Propeller Club
Ring Dance Committee
M.M.A. Dealers Association

Robert Michael Hamwey
Abdul
143 Central Avenue
Medford, Massachusetts

Over the sand dunes of old Cape Cod came Abdul on his camel, Syria's gift to M.M.A. Bob could always be found in a prone position thinking of ways to beat the rules and regs. Next to figuring out deals, Bob liked to think of ways to get to Pawtucket, but not to watch the races.

No one will forget the Syrian firemen from Caracas. It seems Aby had a nose for smoke. If there were any countrymen to be found in the ports we visited, Bob made it a point to find them.

We are sure that his keen business mind will carry him far in his chosen profession, whether it be at sea or ashore.

Baseball 1, 2, 3
M. M. A. Rum Runners
Propeller Club
Knotty Pine Club

James Patrick Johnson
205 Highland St.
Holden, Massachusetts

Jim came to us in 1953 straight from Lawrence Academy. He was looking for good old American College Campus life, but we all know what he found.

When baseball season came he proved to be a fine pitcher and hitter. In his second job year he became known to us as the "DADDY" of all M.M.A. players.

His many escapades on the cruises are only equalled by his actions as B. C.'s Cape Romeo, with frequent visits from a certain fruit peddler from Sandwich.

When Jim's car had enough sea time and refused to make another trip down to the Bay, Jim became the only middie that did not take out life insurance before stepping into the Buffalo's car.

He has made many friends down here with the smile he has for everyone and we all wish him the Best of Luck, whether it be at Pensacola or at sea.

Drill Squad
Football First Committee
Watch IV Old Guard
Propeller Club
Intramural Softball

STEPHEN SOULE
Steve, S. B. Soule
Bix 986
Onset, Massachusetts

Despite the fact that Steve came from the neighboring town of Wareham, he could never get used to the unpredictable weather that we have enjoyed at M.M.A. The inclement weather so affected Steve that Tony considered giving him a permanent bunk in sick bay.

Though he seemed to be awake for time enough to do only the bare necessities of life, Steve often amazed us by his knowledge of our subjects and by the wealth and looks of his girl friends. Steve found that having his home nearby proved very advantageous in that he ate very few of our delicious suppers on the "Chun".

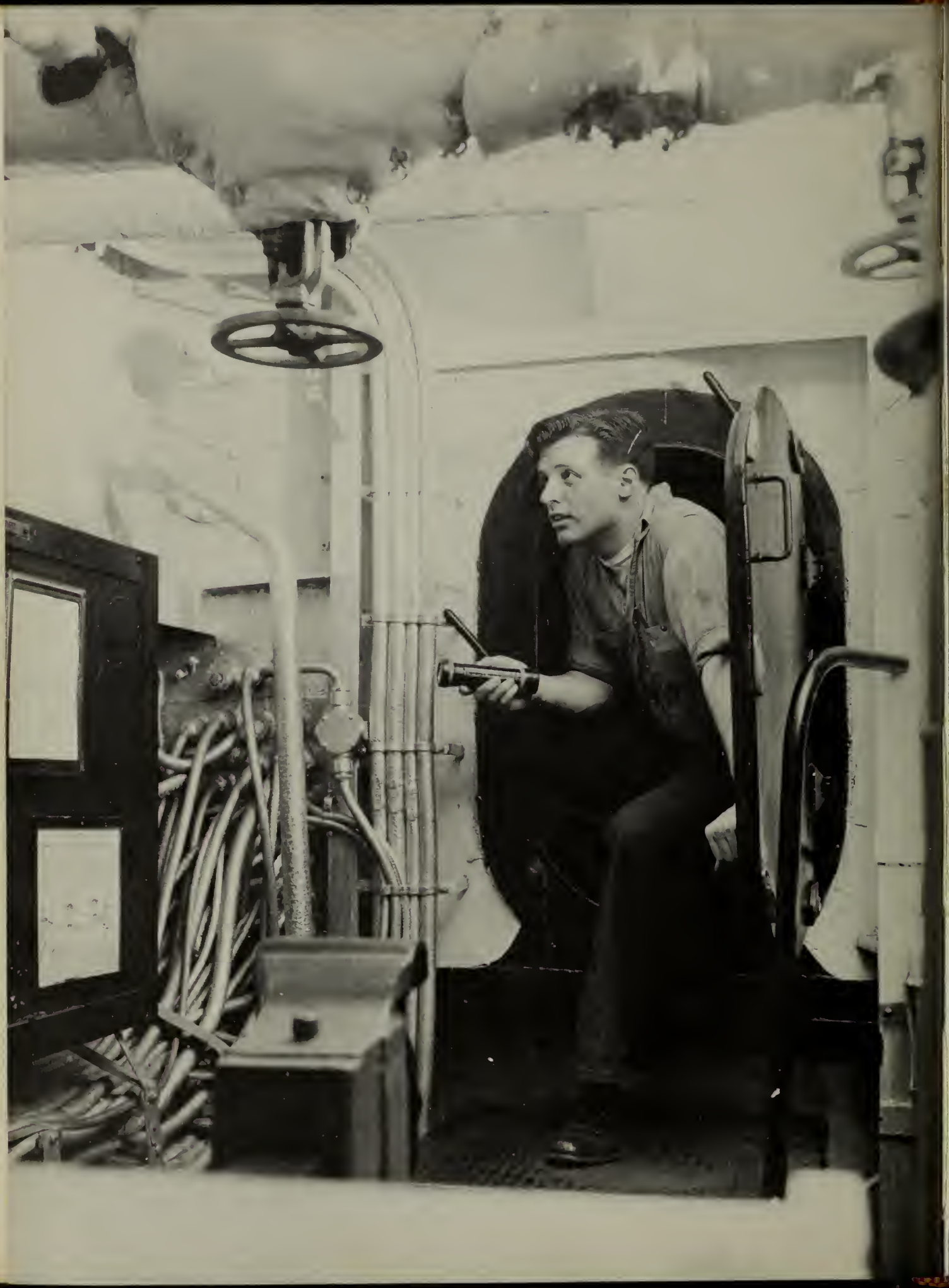
We know that Steve's great independence and his ability to rest at every possible moment we will carry him far. We wish him the best of luck.

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Flaherty, Graham, Koopman, Kennedy, Boles, Quinlan.
Second Row: Gillen, Pearson, Ferrara, Ferguson, Kendrigan.

THIRD CLASS

Left to right: Bradley, Polleta, Callahan, St. Pierre.



SECOND DECK DIVISION

Co-Editor Yearbook
S.J.A. Club (Treasurer)
Drill Squad
Propeller Club

CADET LIEUTENANT JOHN RANDALL DONAHUE
161 Chestnut Avenue
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

A native of J.P., Ranny appeared in our barnacled schoolhouse that fateful August 24th. From that day forth he proceeded to become one of the most liked and respected members of our class. Brimming with initiative, Donna was appointed Cadet Lieut. of the second division and finished the course as one of the highest standing members of the class. Hardly a sun worshipper, he could most often be found after taps, surrounded by his coffee and donuts in the C.O.'s chartroom prying the smarts from Dutton's or Bowditch, inspired perhaps by a certain B.F.? His final contribution to us as co-editor of our yearbook will attest to his final efforts.

Truly a sincere friend to all, Ranny deserves the best of success as an officer in the Naval Air Force.

S.J.A. Club
Cadet Ensign
Canton Club

Cadet Ensign John Mahoney
3 Gavin Way
South Boston, Massachusetts

"Old Moe" came to us from the wilds of Nova Scotia by way of the clam flats of Southie. From the first port in our Youngie cruise, Ciudad Trujillo, to his escapades with Bogger women, Moe has earned and maintained his nickname, "Trigger Jack". The great philosopher and moralist of the class has given us plenty of laughs from tearing apart cars to reading stories of the wild west. Truly, there are few who have more of the adventurer in him than Moe or more respect for the *almighty* dollar.

All in all Moe's sense of humor and determination to succeed will carry him in good stead throughout life.

Propeller Club
2125 Club
Supper Club
Rowing Team
Subversive Activities Committee
Swimming Team
Glee Club

Thomas Coyne
434 Hatherly Road
Scituate, Massachusetts

Our boy Tom stemmed from down Scituate way. From the start he showed a natural ability for getting into mischief, although he did not get caught as often as his sidekick "Cash". Incidentally, Tom has an obsession for plate glass windows (smashing them)!!

This likable fellow has been conducting his own survey on the effects of alcohol on the human constitution since the tender age of fourteen, and has come to the conclusion: Quote, "Wandebar"!!

As a charter member of the "Gorge", he has become accustomed to the plush surroundings and leisurely living that this elite section affords. Of course, life in the "Gorge" has its trials and tribulations—Sid hiding in the shadows!!

To conclude this biography of Tom Coyne, we would like to leave out the stock praise and say that Tom was a guy that was well liked and admired by all three classes. That in itself is something to be very proud of!!

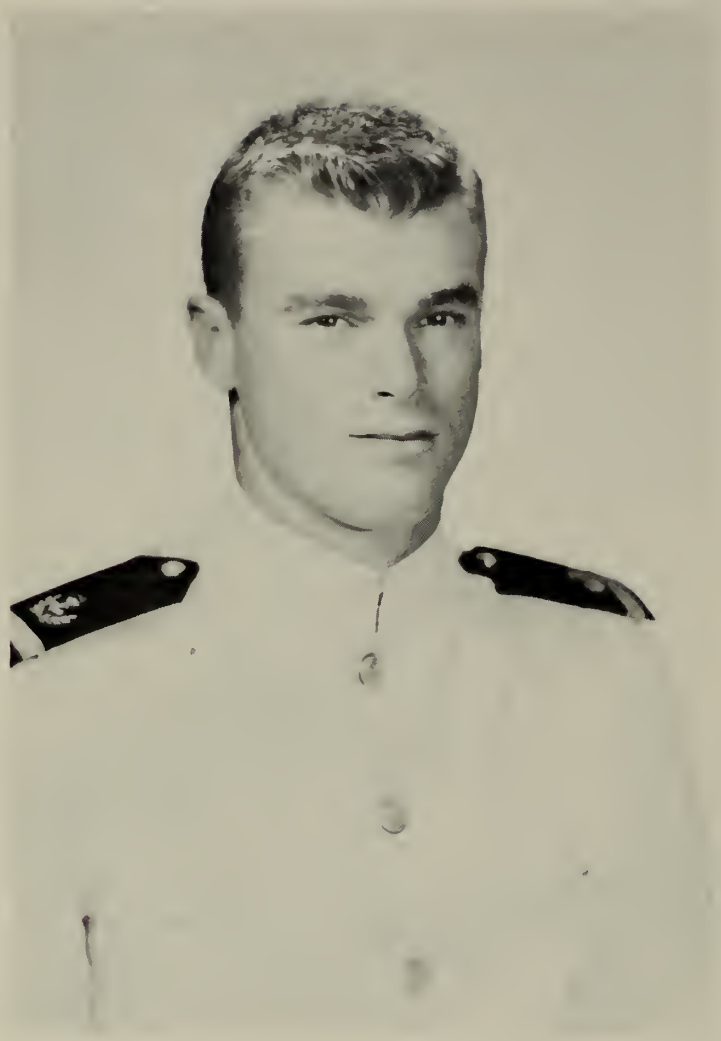
Football Manager
Ring Dance Committee
2125 Club
Propeller Club
R.F.V.

ANTHONY V. D'ANGELO
64 Read Street
Winthrop, Massachusetts

From the shores of sunny Winthrop on that fateful day of August 24, 1953, came our own representative of the Mafia. He soon had the upper-jobs terrorized, especially the first division cadet lieutenant whose name was George. It was fortunate for Tony that he wasn't first division.

Tony will always be remembered for some of his little sayings, such as, "Shut the light". He spent the larger part of his upper-job year in a horizontal position. Tony could always be counted on to help in any venture of the gorge if he was awake.

All kidding aside, Tony will always be remembered as a sincere friend who was always ready to help a classmate.



Kelvin Lester Matteson
76 Main Street
Dennis, Massachusetts

Football
Propeller Club
2125 Club
Supper Club

Up from the deep bogs, Kel pulled in with his bushel of cranberries. We will never forget Kel for his witty smile and his friendliness to all. Mat, only one of the least, but also an able athlete as he well proved in his three years on the football team.

One of the few deckmen who was a member of the Port Aisle, he could most always be found in that vicinity of the ship.

We wish Kel all the luck in the future that we know a man of his aptitude, friendliness and character is sure to win.

Baseball
Football
A.O.L. Club (Pres.)
Supper Club
S.J.A. Club
Ring Committee
Propeller Club

James Bernard Mulqueeny
1014 Hampden Street
Holyoke, Massachusetts

Ole Mul came to us from Holyoke, Mass. by way of Tabor Academy, where he went for a year's preparation for furthering his education. At Tabor he stood out in football and baseball. When he came to the Maritime Academy he again proved to everybody his ability to play sports.

Mul is known to his classmates as a slow, easy going person who seems to be bothered by nothing. He is so slow that he can never seem to get back to the ship on time after a liberty at home. So he finally gave up and decided that it was best not to go home at all. I don't blame him; he had a friend to keep him company on the weekends.

We will always be sorry we have to part with "Speedy" because when exams are near and you are all keyed up you see Mul, and it seems as if there is nothing bothering him; so you say to yourself, "Why should I let it bother me?"

To summarize Mul these words fit him best: "Don't hurry through life and you will live longer".

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Riley, Sweet, Manning, Strautman.
Second Row: Rielly, Piner, Roffey, Readel.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Frimodig, Petit, Smith, Boyson.
Second Row: York, Martinson, Kenney, Savary, McCulloch.

ELECTRICAL DIVISION

Ring Dance Committee
Propeller Club
Port Aisle Athletic Association
Watch IV Old Guard

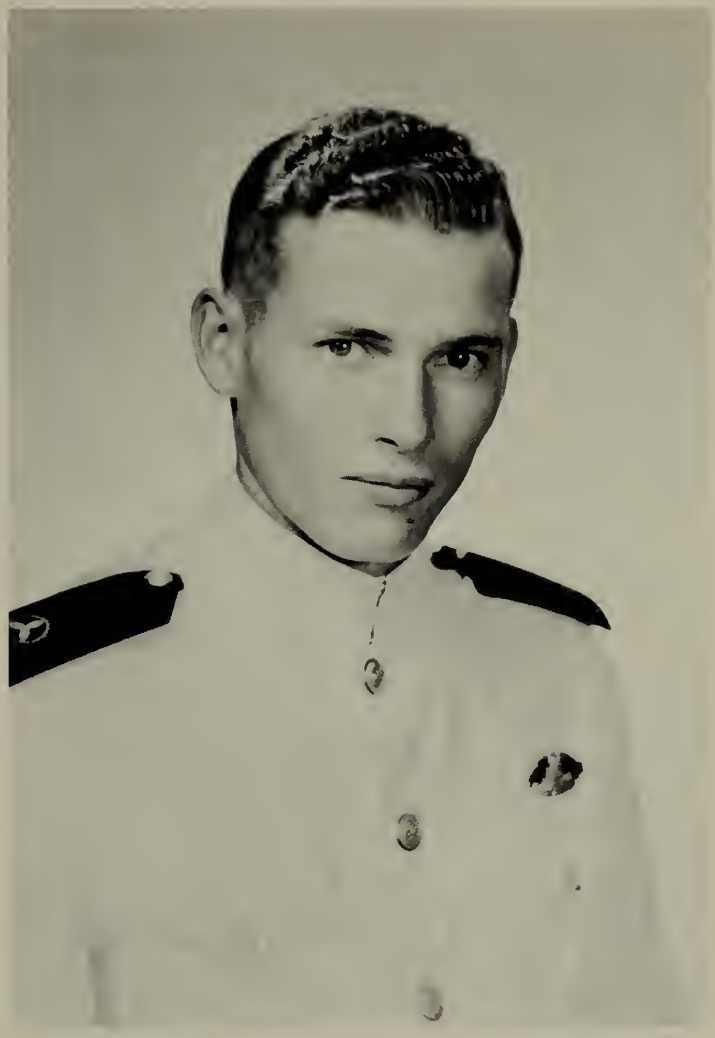
CADET LIEUTENANT JAMES E. TRAVERS
Genius, Trav
12 Courtney Road
West Roxbury 32, Massachusetts

Germ E. Travers was our local representative of the John Hancock Life Insurance Company. Every night, after the port aisle had slipped off to dream land, our Watch III leader started collecting his debit with an occasional stroll around the compartment. Sometimes he would end up making an early morning visit to Enoch. Jim was quite fond of visits; in fact, he spent a lot of time down at the Cohasset Kennel Club. During his first two years, Jim had a very light complexion, but in his last year he suddenly turned dark brown.

Though he hated to admit it, "Genius" was one of the brains of our class; in fact Mr. Harrington told us he thought Jim was one of the wisest persons he had ever met.

Jim wasn't too happy as Mickey's slave, our "youngie" year, but he has since proved to us that with his quick, sometimes cynical, sense of humor and vast store of knowledge, he will in the near future make us proud to be called his friend.

Watch II Party Member
Knotty Pine Club
Propeller Club
Inboard Port Isle Member



Cadet Ensign Alan Edward Hanson
580 Center Street
South Hanover, Massachusetts

With a straw between his teeth and the unmistakable air of a true country boy, Al came to us from the fields of Hanover.

Always a hard worker, Al received his youngie training from another able man with a wire brush, "Salty" Salley. Though he started out as Ray's right hand man and progressed to be Mario's, in the end he became his own right hand man, and an able leader in the illustrious Watch III.

His country background was no determining character in Al's social standing, for as time passed, many parties and gay events were to be credited to Al's organization and boisterous wit.

If being happy constitutes success, then Al's future is fully guaranteed and our best wishes can add only our sentiments.

Baseball 1, 2, 3
Football 1, 2
Softball
Bitter End Club
Watch III Honor Society
Propeller Club

Richard D. Bee
Bumble
62 Jersey Street
Marblehead, Massachusetts

Among the novelties of a school such as this, about the greatest are some of the students that attend. As an example, three years ago there came to this Academy a very large bumble bee. In fact, we believe it was the largest bee then in existence. This bee was rather different from an average, very active bee, as he spent most of his leisure time lying down, listening to his radio.

As an upper-job, Dick decided that there was truth in the old adage, "Haste makes waste". It was about this time that Dick made the catch of his life, as he acquired a new next door neighbor.

We gave Bumble a tough time as a second-job, being our chief section leader, but he pulled through many close calls with his superb leadership and ended up with only a few demerits.

Best of luck in the future, Dick, though we know you won't need it, because it's much easier to make friends with honey than with vinegar.

Class Vice President
Propeller Club
Saint Thomas Touring Club
Ring Dance Committee
Rowing Club
Watch III Honor Society
Bitter End Club

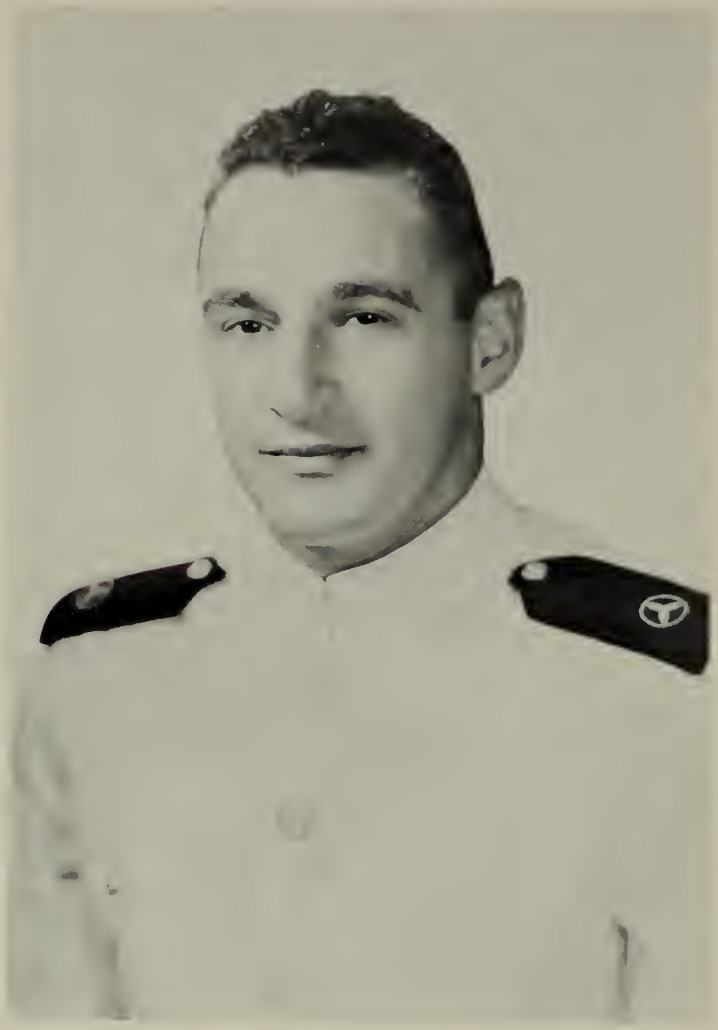
Ronald George Macintyre, Jr.
Mac
8 Orlando Avenue
Worcester, Massachusetts

Three years ago as we walked our "last mile" to M.M.A. we were all startled by a silver streak, seemingly from out of nowhere.

This we soon learned was "Mac," come to spend three happy years with us at the Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge.

When Mac arrived at these hallowed halls many marveled at the large amount of space that could be occupied by one man. But Mac was soon to dwindle to an average-sized "buffalo" on our first cruise. Never will we forget the spectacular offer on the second day of cruise life for that long forsaken cure for common seasickness.

"Mac" was one of the best-liked at the Academy mainly because of his ability to take a joke. So here's wishing luck from all the boys to a swell fella, who has taken a lot of kidding in his day.



Baseball 1, 2, 3
Football 1, 2, 3
Basketball 1, 2
Rowing Team
St. Thomas Touring Club
Watch III Honor Society
Propeller Club

ENOCH MALKASIAN
Mal, Eggnog
411 Church Street
Whitinsville, Massachusetts

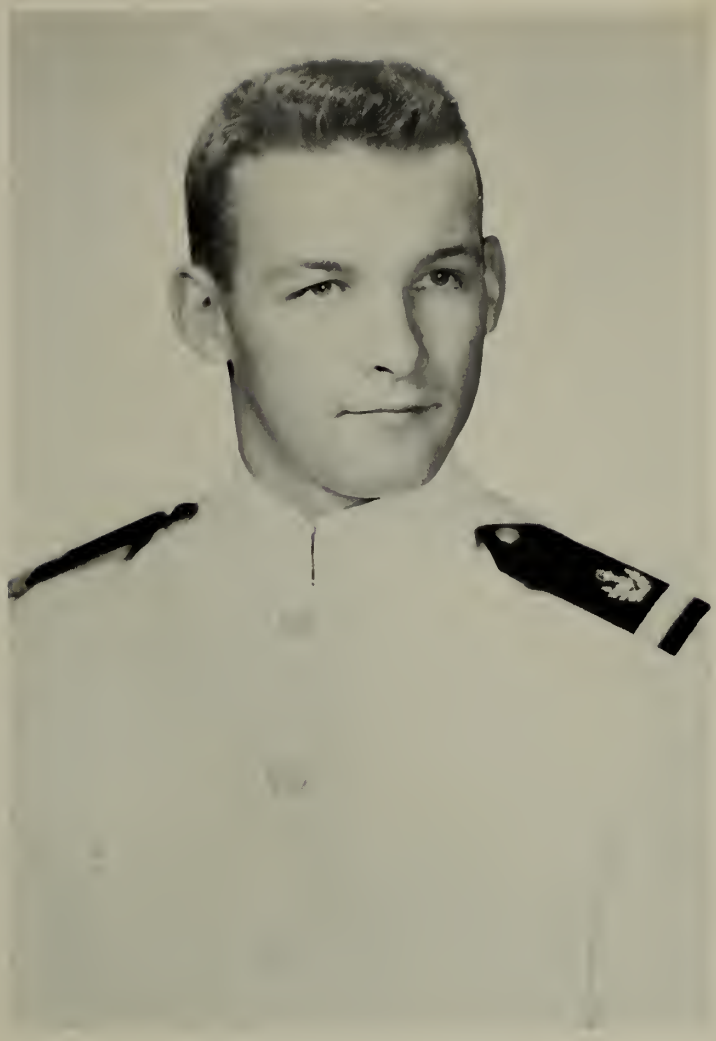
From the wilds of a western Massachusetts town, Whitinsville, came a rather dark colored, red capped porter with a smile from ear to ear. This was none other than Enoch Malkasian. Old "Mal" was a good-hearted, easy-going guy, in fact, so much so that he could never kid anyone because he always ended up feeling sorry for him.

We lured Mal away from the Yankees with a large football scholarship and a little persuasive talking from our good friend "Atlas". I'm sure that neither Enoch nor the middies has ever regretted that decision.

Enoch had some troubles with a few subjects while he was here, but came through with flying colors because of the diligent assistance of Commander Connors and Commander Murray.

We are all sure that with his perpetual wit and great ability to get along with people he is assured a very prosperous future.

Band
Propeller Club
Rally Member
Bitter End Club
Watch III Honor Society



James Lawrence Mansfield
Rocky
Chesnut Street
Kennebunk Port, Maine

A happier guy we have never known. Rocky maintains this state of complete incoherence by living in his own little world, disturbed only by an occasional champagne party or the repercussions from his weekly change of girl friends. Jim came to the portals of M. M. A. from, in his opinion, one of the greatest lobster ports in the world, Kennebunk, Me., carrying a one hundred pound bag of salt on his shoulder which he has been spreading out ever since.

Rocky displayed his great dancing ability, which he acquired from his Gibraltan ancestors, to us at our Ring Dance.

We feel sure that Jim will succeed in whatever field he chooses, after having sold the U. S. S. Franklin to two generals and an admiral at Philadelphia.

Propeller Club, Pres.
Football 1, 2, 3
Baseball !, 2, 3
Pres., Dry Bilges INC.

THOMAS M. MCLAUGHLIN
Pincho
24 Savin Hill Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts

God's gift to women and Mr. Hemmerly was our "Pincho". Tom came prepared for M.M.A. with his own electron theory and a packet of letters wrapped in pink ribbon. His story was so touching that it finally made the Boston papers.

He started out as one of Atlas' boys but soon found he was associating more and more with that ingenious and novel group, Watch III. Yes, Pincho did things differently; while in Barbados he spent his liberty time looking for something that he had lost, next to some rusty old pipes on a dark street.

In his second class year he became Vice Pres. of the Propeller Club and as such, he mingled with the upper bracket of captains and admirals. Later he became President of the Kangaroo Fan Club.

Our fair haired boy from Trade has already started to climb the ladder to fame and we know he'll go farther yet.

Chief Librarian
Drill Squad
Softball
Rowing Club
Propeller Club
Band
Watch III Honor Society

RICHARD G. O'CONNOR
Doc, Okie
Mass. Maritime Academy
Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts

"Oh, she cut her baby brother in two, and served him up as an Irish stew. Sing Rickety-Tickety-Tin." Around most any corner and down every hall some song like this leaves no doubt in our minds; the "Doctor" is on his way.

On joining our ranks, Okie brought with him from Westwood a sense of humor that has kept us all laughing and wondering for three years. Really a serious guy at heart, he's always got time to listen to someone's troubles and if he can't pep you up, then you're really too far gone for help.

On graduation, he leaves behind a tradition of wierdness unexcelled in the past, and possibly the future, of M.M.A. I can see him now. With "screwdriver" in hand his parting words will be "Watch Three Forever!"

Propeller Club
Ring Dance Committee
Glee Club
St. Thomas Touring Club
Watch IV Old Guard

William P. Vesey
Bill
931 Walnut Street
Newton Highlands, Massachusetts

"Wild Bill" was destined for the depths of Watch III from the first day he set foot on the Academy grounds. Although it took him a year to get there via Watch IV in his youngie year, he soon distinguished himself among the "oddities" of Watch III. Who else but Wild Bill would think of such a thing as a Kulture Korner for these hallowed halls. Bill's love for the classical records was not completely appreciated by all the middies, especially the "around-the-clock" sleepers he sometimes tended to keep awake.

His other hobby is guns! Any kind of gun, as long as it made plenty of noise.

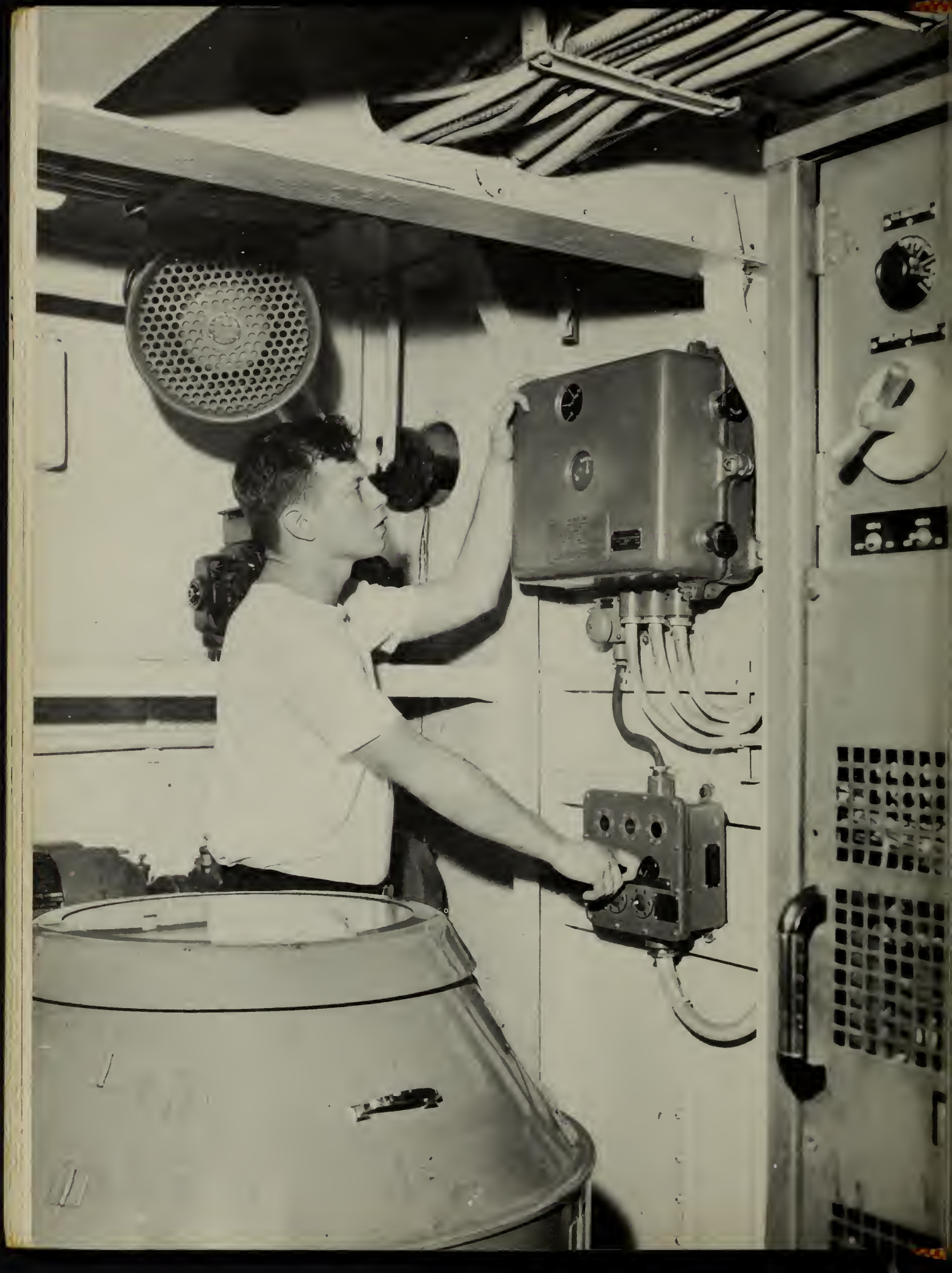
We all wish plenty of luck to this future gun boss of some Merchie hulk. At least if Wild Bill stays in the Merchies, the Maine road signs will stay standing longer and the Charleston's engine room won't be shot full of holes.

SECOND CLASS

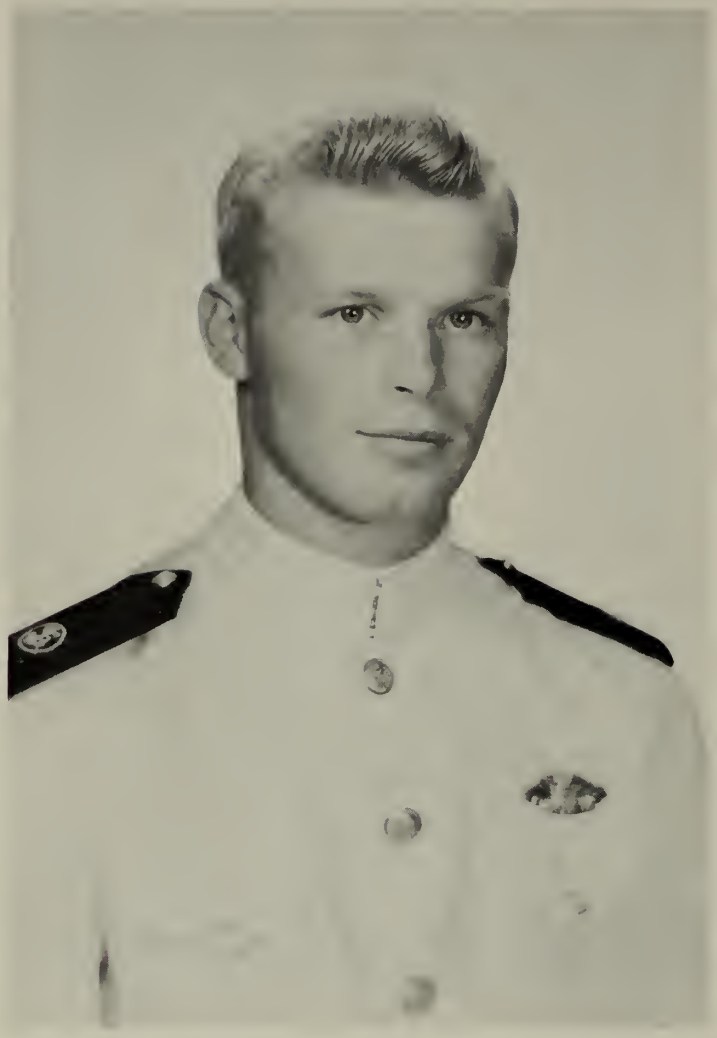
First Row, left to right: Ziminshy, McCarthy, Christie, Reid, Spillane, O'Connell.
Second Row: Southworth, Walsh, Trask, McGrath, McKenna.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Dunne, Capalotti, Schofield, Sinclair.
Second Row: Perrotti, Salley, Shannon.



THIRD DECK DIVISION



Football
Editor Photography
Ring Dance Committee
Band
2125 Club
Ring Committee

Cadet Lieutenant Charles Francis McAdams
76 Walker Street
Falmouth, Massachusetts

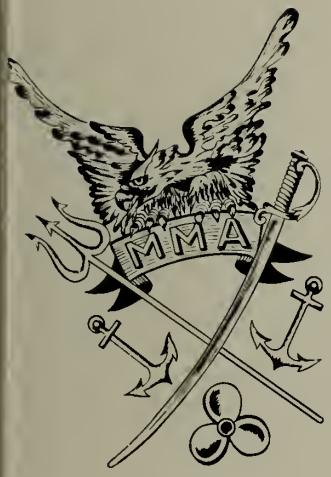
Few will forget their first glimpse of our blond hydrant as he came walking across the parking lot making noises through a trombone almost as tall as himself. Chuck was also the founder of the World Wide Explorers Club, the members of which are only a chosen few. During liberty parties on the cruise his main companion was "Argus", who was usually slung across his shoulder. While in Curacao, Chuck was introduced to skin-diving, and as a Cape Codder, became one of the rabid fans who enjoy floating around the silent world. He never did get around to learning how to hire his spear gun, but he could always hit one special target, the finger pier piling.

Charlie was one of the main-stays on the football team. As a 150 pound center, there were few times he came out the loser, sometimes he just bled a lot.

His obsession for fishing won him two in Third Div., but as a division leader he does a better job with men than he can ever do with a fishpole.

If you are ever visiting the Cape and Chuck is on hand, he will show you hospitality which has seldom been equalled. "Success shall be the main word in his life."

Baseball
Football
2125 Club
Propeller Club



Cadet Ensign Paul Raymond Mowder
18 South High Street
Melrose, Massachusetts

Paul Mowder—the fellows call him "Bloop"—arrived one day under a pink cloud as a gift from Melrose.

As a "Youngy", Bloop was hardly seen and never heard. He was a member in good standing of the cosy club all through his underclass years. His many and frequent girl troubles were always a source of tortured ear drums for his many friends.

Paul's "double whammy" look was enough to strike terror into the hearts of his adversaries, and he will long be remembered for it.

We all know that Paul's winning smile will tide him through all shoal water in the years to come.

Drill Squad
2125 Club
Propeller Club
Supper Club
Ring Dance Committee
Honor Guard
R.F.V.

Edward Halpin
47 Fellsway East
Melden, Massachusetts

Skull thought something was fishy when the band kept playing Semper Paratus!! Suddenly he realized that he was on the wrong ship.

"Square riggers are fun but I think gun-boats are roomier" and before he had finished talking, hurricane Carol struck and he became the owner of the original Chevie-Sub.

Ed might be known as the little man who wasn't there. For some reason he was never invited to meet the Captain at frame 90. Usually he would be found sunk in his top bunk gloating over his hoard of misappropriated match books and pencils. Navigation was never difficult for this mate, the nearest fly speck was always the perfect "fix".

His lengthy orations and smiling face will be remembered by all.

Smooth sailing to you, a wonderful shipmate.

Football Manager
Baseball Manager
S.J.A. Club (President)
Hop's Chauffeur

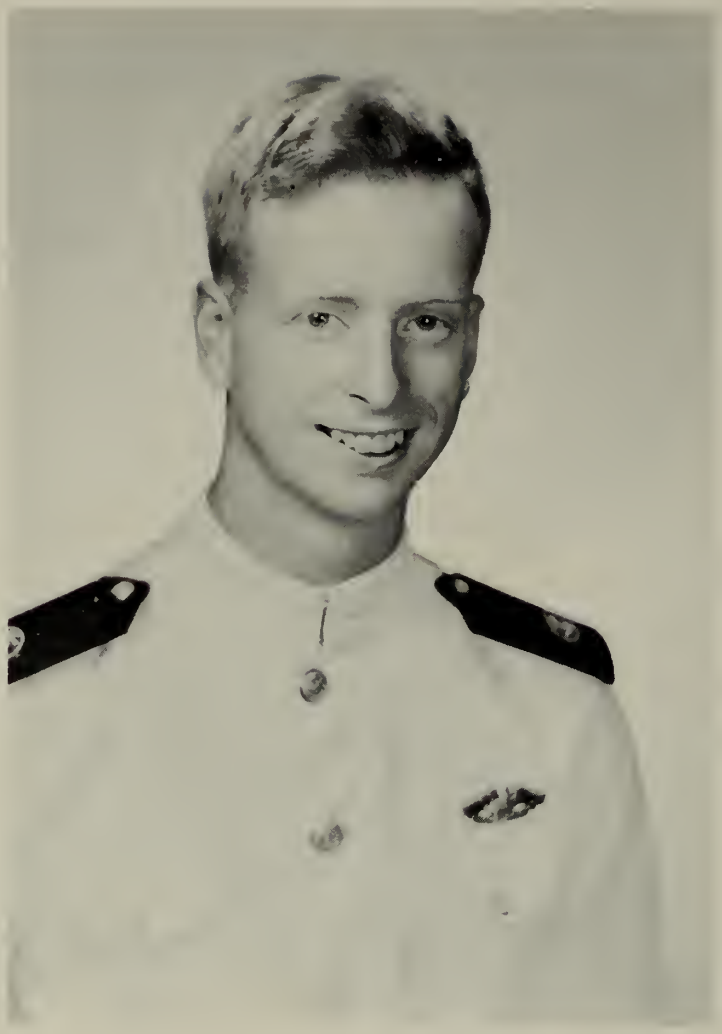
JOHN PAUL HEMMALIN
86 Farragut Avenue
Providence, Rhode Island

Bloop was the only member of our class to beat all the rest of us to the ship for our youngie year; he was a year ahead of us. A true 4-year man, he soon found the Cape had far more to offer than home, and far more time than his legal liberty was spent with "Driz".

Easy to see why he became president of the S.J.A. Club. He can also tell you the best places to park for miles around and always ends up in the parking lot.

One of his favorite subjects must have been math because he was so often seen driving "Hop" around or baby-sitting at his house.

John is one of the best-liked men aboard. He will always be remembered as going out of his way to help a friend in any way he can.



Supper Club
Drill Squad
2125 Club
R.F.V.

James C. Howat, Jr.
21 Highland Avenue
Manchester, Massachusetts

James Campbell Howat immigrated to the U.S.A. at a tender age of three months from Bonny Scotland.

After his first crossing of the "Pond", "Alec the eggman" developed his sea legs and soon discovered that a seafaring life would suit him fine.

On that fateful day, 24 August 1953, fresh from Gloucester High School, "The Scourge of Saint Thomas" entered the dark, dismal gates of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. Confusion flourished, the instructors were bewildered, his classmates astonished, and most of all he kept the Port Aisle entertained night after night. Never before in the history of the Academy was there a Midshipman who deviated and gave such a source of humor.

Jim excelled in Spanish, Public Speaking and always had a "perfect paper in Mathematics": not one right.

Sincerely, "Wembly" was an indispensable classmate.

Drill Squad
Honor Guard
Ring Dance Committee
Re-instated member of S.J.A. Club
Supper Club
2125 Club
Barber

James Roy Quirk
4 Springer Street
South Boston, Massachusetts

To the tune of "Southie's My Home Town" Jim showed up aboard the "Chun" one bright summer day. His first act was to set himself up as barber, not to cut hair but to try to out-do Old Mac in the art of spreading sea stories. When not engaged in these and other various activities he could usually be found studying??? in the nearest rack.

Not a liberty hound by any means, Jim soon found that there were those who had their doubts, namely A.C.S.

Joining the Black Cloud Club with a cup of coffee in his hand 2 years ago, he managed to get his lifetime membership in the parking lot one Saturday night and was a permanent resident of the Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge thereafter.

During his stay, Shamus became one of the higher learned students of our class and could always be recognized for his happy nature and generosity toward his classmates.

Good luck and smooth sailing in the Merchant Marine.

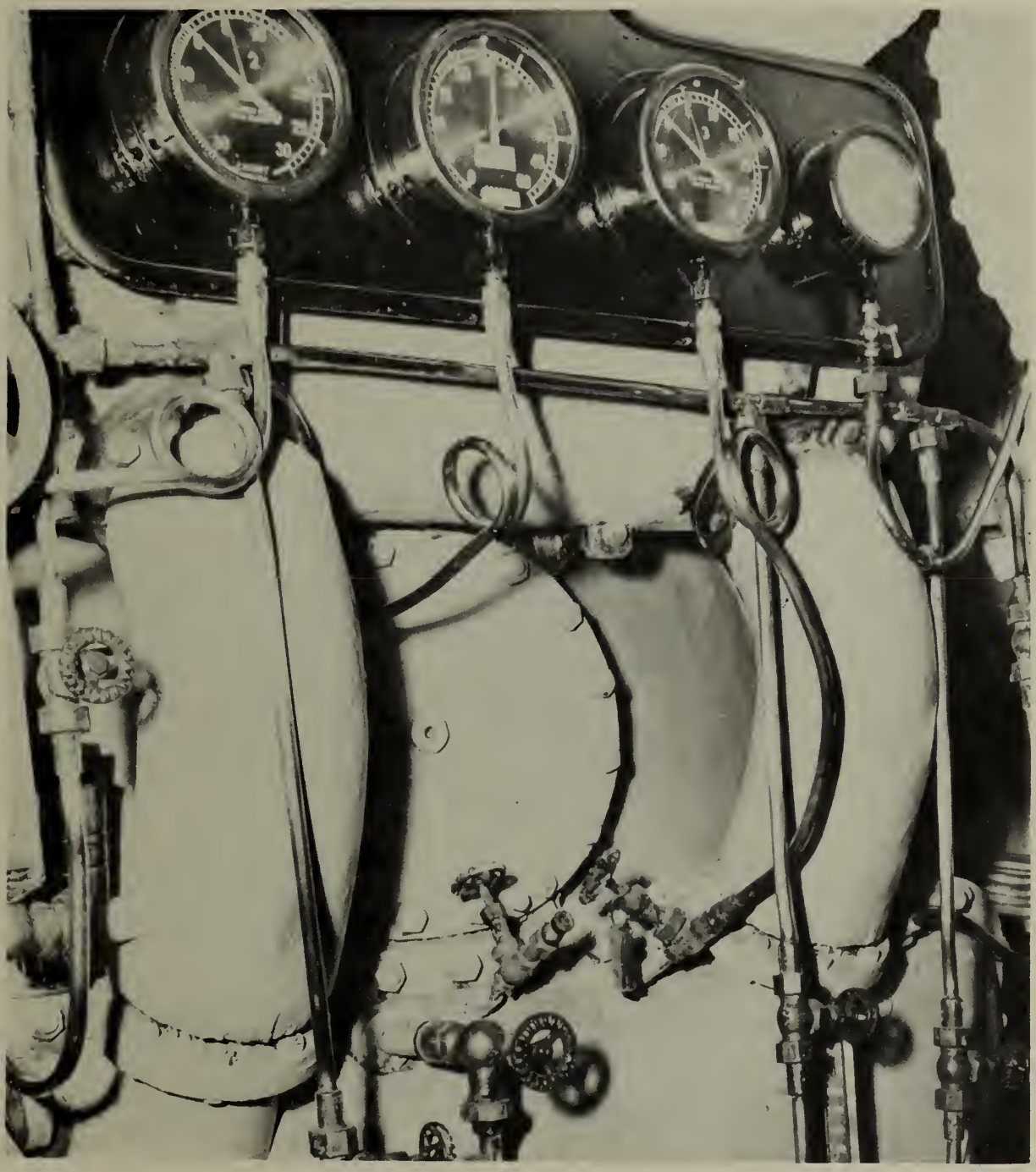
SECOND CLASS

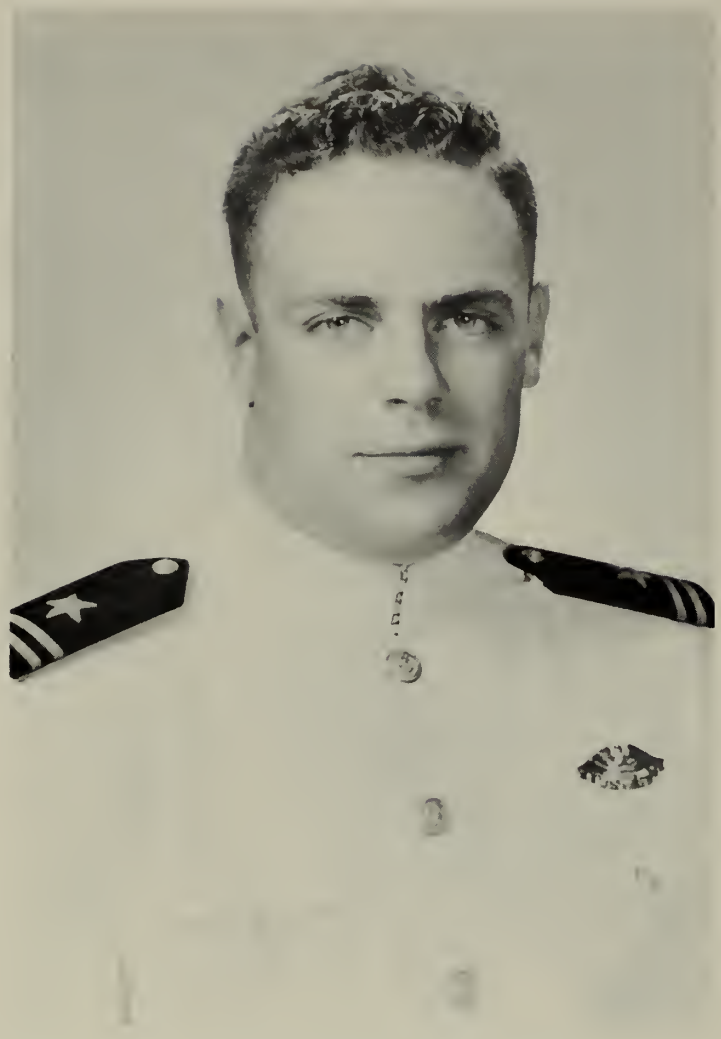
First Row, left to right: Pennampede, Lynch, Greer, Weaver.
Second Row: Megonigle, Meyer.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Chorlton, Dowd, Arsenault, Keene.
Second Row: Knight, McDonough, Andrews, Dalton, Washburn.

AUXILIARY DIVISION





Intramural Football, Basketball and Softball

Propeller Club

Watch IV Honor Society

Member Free Transportation Society, Cuba

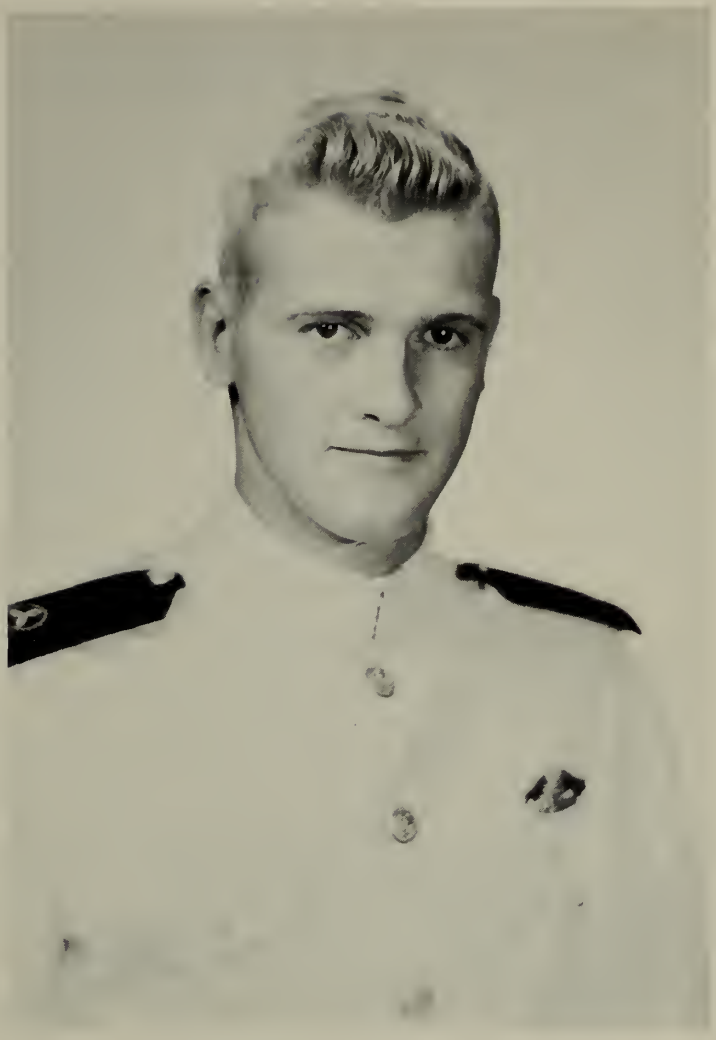
Cadet Lieutenant Donald R. Johnson
Lt. Cow
49 Bedford Street
Quincy 69, Massachusetts

From the ominous gorge of the starboard aisle one can hear the deep moo of a golden, striped cow, or the loud hiss of a secretive and highly experimental wind tunnel. Well, it is none other than D. R. Squarehead, the favorite student of our most eccentric instructor.

Don was always the stablest of us in his dealings with our South American neighbors. These soirees will be forever remembered as a part of the transition from "middie" to Naval Officer. Of course, there were several debts that were never paid in Trujillo and Habana. A tear might be shed for the fair senorita who waved longingly from the dock at Ciudad. Perhaps Don's success in the Caribbean can be attributed to the heavy tan that completely changed his complexion.

It is quite apparent that with his well rounded education at M.M.A., complemented by four years of hard work at Quincy High, Don will pave the way for future graduates at whatever company is fortunate enough to hire him.

Band
Softball
Intramural Football
Watch IV Honor Society
Propeller Club
Ring Committee
Honor Guard



Cadet Ensign David C. Jordan
Pink Bubble
2 Kent Rd.
Needam, Massachusetts

Dave (better known as "Pink Bubble") is a good-natured lad from Needham. When he first entered M. M. A. he could usually be found operating close to home. But now he has turned his footsteps toward Attleboro and has made a well-beaten path to the door of a certain third classman.

The "Bubble" has always wanted and waited for the day when he could sign on some ship and sail to many foreign ports, but it looks now as though the Attleboro sail will see more of Dave than those longed for seven seas.

Dave has been a swell shipmate who easily made friends with whomever he met. Being one of the better engineers of the class, he will have no trouble in whatever line he follows. Good luck, Dave.

Football 1, 2

Basketball 1, 2, 3

Intramural Softball

Band 1, 2, 3

Propeller Club

Pres., Advancement of Better Morals Club

John V. Blazewicz
Blake
38 Bunker Avenue
Brockton, Massachusetts

Three years ago, the nickel-plated Pollock arrived fresh from the halls of B. C. He soon began spreading his radical ideas among the masses. He also became famous for his quiet manner, his $15,000 ambitions, his basketball prowess and many other accomplishments.

As a youngie most of his time was spent on a steel-wool party down in the port aisle, supervised by his even quieter and older countryman. Later he became famous as a second job for joining the goldfish in great contents to see who could stop the fastest. As an upper-job he contented himself with many nights of quiet meditation down the inboard aisle from 213 to 223.

Seriously, John was always willing to do a favor for anyone. Here's predicting a good future for the man without a country.

Football
Drill Squad
Muster Staff
Watch IV Honor Society
V. P. Port Aisle
Softball
Publicity Manager
Football First Committee
Propeller Club
Asst. Librarian

VINCENT EDMUND CORSANO
Jim
55 Lubec Street
East Boston, Massachusetts

Two years ago "Foster" came up the Finger Pier waving his campaign posters and carrying his bowl of ravioli. After half a year Jim learned the error of his ways and escaped from the "Deckies". He will long be remembered for his stirring campaign speeches in favor of Helen, Foster Furcolo, The Tornadoes, East da Bos, The Marines, the Yankees, and various other topics.

His many "deals" stamped him as having a good business mind, however, and here's predicting that if the Marines don't get him he'll be elected Mayor of East Boston.

Propeller Club
Watch IV Honor Society
Bitter End Club
Ring Dance Committee
Intramural Softball, Football
St. Thomas Touring Club

EUGENE F. COUGHLIN
60 Central Street
Somerville, Massachusetts

Gene's chief aim while at the academy was to develop greater co-ordination of mind and muscle. He could always be found lecturing the "youngies" on the importance of personal appearance. "Nanna" will always be remembered for his 61 formations, where he set the example for the rest of us as to how the model midshipman should appear.

Gino is the type of person that would rather walk up and over you, than around. Gene could be counted on to use 86 handkerchiefs a week—and then lose them all.

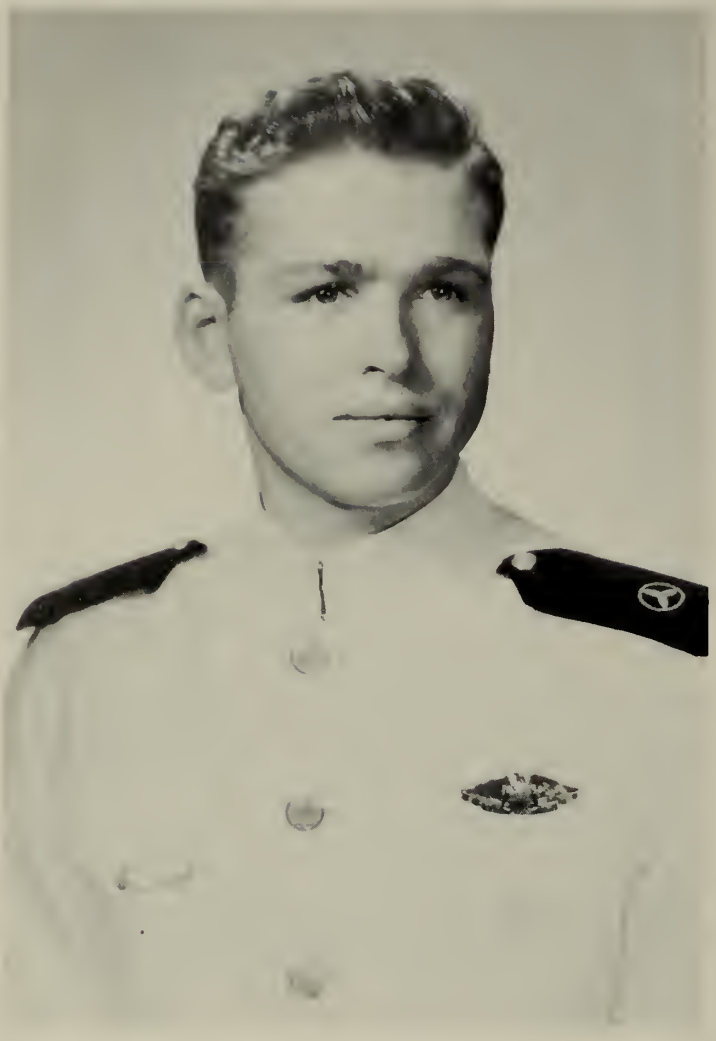
With his easygoing manner and quick smile, he will go far in whatever field he chooses. Happy hayfever, Gene!

Ring Dance Committee
Rowing Team
Propeller Club
Watch IV Honor Society
St. Thomas Touring Club

RICHARD H. KELLEY
Fog, Kel
56 Partridge Lane
Belmont, Massachusetts

"Old Kel" was the vapor-bound member of that infamous group known as Watch III. But Dick saw the light as an upper-job and transferred to Watch IV.

He will always be remembered for his impromptu remarks, especially in the first aid class. After everyone had said all that could be said, "Fog" could always be counted on for a final remark. Dick brought us many laughs, something the boys at MMA are always looking for. We wish "Kel" all the luck in the world and hope he does as well on the outside as he did at MMA.



Basketball 1, 2
Port Aisle Club
Veteran, Bitter End
Propeller Club
Newman Club

Paul L. Lynch
Balsy
6 Merrymount Avenue
Quincy, Massachusetts

D. W. Lynch is world famous for his wide knowledge of pediatrics, plastic surgery, and ragbagmanship. He never really understood the M.M.A. style of playing basketball until he reached Martinique. We will always remember the little man who wasn't there for his sojourns to Campos Alegro, Magan's Bay Beach, and his official position as a member of the Haiti Better Health Association. Paul's ability as an electrician has never been fully realized, especially by Mr. Hemmerly.

Never a night could pass that the "Owl" and "Small Paul" could not be heard dissertating on plastic dinnerware, social affairs in the life jacket locker, and romance in general.

Paul is a man who will go far with his inexhaustable ingenuity and his never-ceasing loyalty to all.

Bandmaster
Ring Committee
Ring Dance Committee
Watch IV Honor Society
St. Thomas Touring Club
Bitter End Club
Debating Club

THEODORE R. PARENT
Ollie, Ted
111 Parker Avenue
Newton Highlands, Massachusetts

Ted, the Barbers nightmare! You could count on the "Mouth" to keep the boys in the port aisle awake all night with his perpetual motion jaw and his Rock and Roll music. The "85 Knot Kid" went to the dogs for a while, but with some incentive from "Alice Blue Gown" in cleaning his turn-to, the life jacket locker, Ted again became a perfect Middie.

The "Mouth" will best be remembered for the amount of talk that could come from his face at one time (ask Mr. Harrington) and for his friendship with the little Dutch girl who lived in Curacao. Ted knew whose lawn to cut, whose boat to paint, and boy! could he lug a mean golf club for the "right" person.

Here's hoping Ted, that wherever you go, you will make as many friends as you have in the last three years.

Propeller Club
Honor Guard
Golf Team
Drill Squad
Ring Dance Committee
Intramural Softball and Football
Watch IV Honor Society

WALTER THEODORE PIOTTI
Walt, Piowop
117 Parker Avenue
Newton Highlands, Massachusetts

A loud "I betcha" and Walter was again trying to prove a point. He was a collector of used bar stools, procured with the aid of a silent partner.

Walt enjoyed the cruises and was a senior partner with Morgan in the Deep Sea Fishing Corp., which did a land office business. The favorite port was Haiti, reason unknown; next port in line of preference, Jacksonville, reason known.

Walt, even as an upper-job, was mo-del and had the best shined shoes on the ship. This passion for neatness he undoubtedly inherited from his "Swiss" ancestors.

A special tip of the hat to Walt for having the same girl for three years while at M.M.A. He was one of the few.

Ciudad Trujillo Taxi Assoc.
Class Treasurer
Drill Team
Golf Team
Softball
Propeller Club

MORGAN T. RYAN, JR.
Muff
27 Woodard Road
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

"Irish Muffin" can be remembered for his many strange and colorful escapades during our sojourns to the Caribbean. Most of all the oversized tuna rig with which he and his partner, Walt, won the Pan-American fishing contest.

About this time Morgan learned how to do the "Water Tank Stomp", much to the surprise of the many middies looking on.

Seriously, the "Socialite" from West Roxbury will long be remembered for his tell-tale eyes, perpetual smile, consistent truthfulness, and social functions.

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Rumney, Fee, Lopaus, McCluskey, Scarlata, McCluskey.
Second Row: Young, R., Young, W., Mar, Putinano.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Eveleth, Harrington, Collis, McCormick.
Second Row: Atkinson, Mason, Donnelan.

Cruises

THIRD CLASS CRUISE

On the 4th of February, 1954, after the last handshake and fond farewell from our anxious parents, we the class of 1956 turned our backs on the bleak and stormy shores of Massachusetts for the first time. Our first five months as midshipmen and the "sea stories" of the upper class had filled us with more enthusiasm than good sense, and thus we faced our new adventure. At this point our optimism took a severe beating as our first night at sea turned into an experience to be long remembered.

On the fifth day out from Boston the nightmare finally ended, the skies cleared and seas calmed, revealing at long last our destination, Ciudad Trujillo. Although this corner of the Dominican Republic is not well known to many world travelers, it was our first taste of "foreign intrigue," and the shocking contrast of Boston's snowy landscape to the green of this tropical foliage left us favorably impressed. Although bigger and better ports were to come, the natives of this city were the most typical of the islanders.

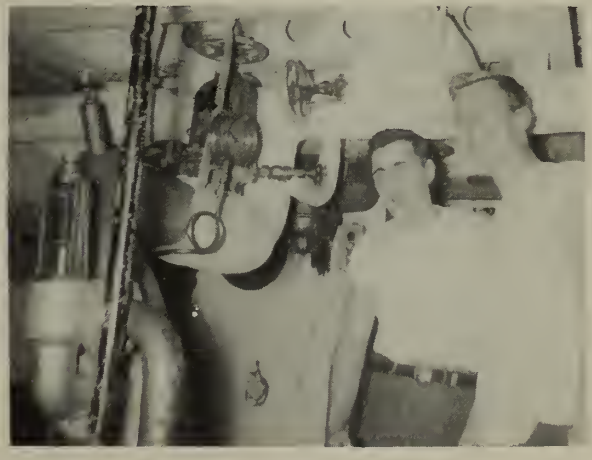
This port turned out to be an oasis for the hearty appetites of the milk-starved Middies. Fresh milk, ice cream, and sundry other Stateside delicacies renewed our zest for food and began to convince us that as far as menus go, there's no place like home. After our initial taste of Navy shore duty, we again headed south, this time to La Guaira, Venezuela.

After our three-day stay in Trujillo we left on a somewhat calmer voyage to Bridgetown, Barbados in the B.W.I. We dropped anchor in the clear blue-green waters of Bridgetown Harbor, and found ourselves in the midst of a veritable island paradise, unexcelled in beauty and hospitality. The charms of the land were only equalled by the friendliness of our hosts who provided us with unlimited entertainment

La Guaira is the seaport for Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, where most of the Middies spent their liberty. The Hotel Tamanaco, typical of the modernistic trend in Caracas, was the site where Xavier Cugat played host to numerous midshipman and formed the Abbie Lane Club.

throughout our stay. It was with great reluctance that we bid our newly found friends farewell and set sail for Trinidad.

Passing through the rip-tides of the famed Dragon's Mouth we entered the harbor at the U. S. Naval Base in Trinidad.



After a four days visit, we departed for Coco Solo, bidding "adios" to our South American Neighbors.

On our arrival at Coco Solo, in the Canal Zone, we were at the crossroads of the Americas. Entertained at the U. S. Naval Base at Coco Solo, the Middies also found interest in the operation of the Panama Canal and made use of the fact that Coco Solo is a tax-free port. Through trading in the various bazaars, many otherwise unattainable objects found their way back to the Charleston. After refueling, we were on our way to Havana and the "Carnival."

Under the tropical morning sun, we passed the ancient ramparts of the famed Morro Castle, and descended on Havana, Cuba. Caught up in the spirit of the "Carnival", which is much like New Orleans' Mardi Gras, we soon discovered why this city is called a "tourist's paradise." Tired, happy and broke, we left for Houston and a temporary return to the States.

A fifty mile trip up the Houston ship channel brought us to the South's second largest port. Even in the "semi foreign" land of Texas, we found our first taste of stateside living after two months absence. The Propeller Club entertained us with a bus tour and a real Texas barbecue. After a quick call home, we were off again for Nassau in the Bahamas.

On the 27th of March, the Charleston entered the lavish blue-green waters of Nassau harbor. Inland from Nassau, the low rolling hills displayed a languid panorama of colors in sharp contrast to the industrial vitality of Houston. Between visits to "Dirty Dick's" and the British Colonial Hotel, we wandered among the stalls of the straw market. After four days of warm sand and sunshine we finally steamed for Fort Lauderdale.

After a short trip across the Windward Straits, we were back among the one American commodity that we missed most on our cruise, the American girls. Fort Lauderdale seemed to be bursting at the seams with vacationing co-eds, and the one "overnight" liberty of the cruise was well spent.

Armed with deep tans and the tales of our fishing experiences we dug out our blues and headed north.

On April 8th, the Charleston docked in the Charleston Navy Yard where she was built in 1936. At what was a belated homecoming, we were welcomed by the Navy Band and members of the Board of Commissioners. Unfortunately, our stay was not enjoyed fully, as the anticipation of our forthcoming return to Boston increased and the Middies were anxious to be on the way.

So as usual, the "MMA" Express broke all standing records on our return to Boston and on the 15th of April we tied up at Commonwealth Pier, a tired group of "young salts."

SECOND CLASS CRUISE

The excitement of the holidays had just begun to ebb, and everyone was raring to leave on our second cruise. On January 17th we packed away our books and headed for the warm waters of the Caribbean. Old salts now, after our first cruise, our greatest amusement was the young and literally "green" third class. As soon as we left Buzzards Bay we found ourselves again at the mercy of the relentless sea. Three days out, we stowed away our blues and began to soak up the pleasant warmth of the Caribbean.

On the fifth day we sailed into the initial port of the 1955 cruise, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. This port was a warm, most welcome change from the bleak New England Winter we left behind less than a week before. Many Middies were to be found in the beautiful Virgin Isle Hotel or touring the island in their rented cars, some even entering the St. Thomas Road Race. A few of the boys were fortunate enough to cross the island and spend the day lolling on the picturesque beach of Mogan's Bay.

After a peaceful one-day voyage, upon the horizon one could see Mt. Pelee and within a short time we were secured in Fort de France, Martinique. Here many souvenirs were procured at extremely reasonable prices, perfume perhaps being the most desired commodity. The natives were delighted to have the Charleston in port, since food for them was at a premium. After three days we bid the historic isle farewell and made turns for Surinam, Dutch Guiana.

Paramaribo was like a piece of Holland moved to the New World. It resembled a Dutch town in almost every respect, and we found the people to be very hospitable. During the day we found the city to be extremely warm, being but six degrees from the equator, but at night, heat or not, the middies descended upon the town in full strength. The Midshipmen were given parties and a tour of the local bauxite mines through the courtesy of the Dutch Government.

As in 1953 we again passed through the Dragon's Mouth and came to rest in the now familiar spot at the Trinidad Naval Base. The many recreational facilities were put to good use by the Midshipmen, especially the canteen where we found fresh milk and ice cream that we had sorely missed since leaving home. Another favorite spot was the Macqueripe Officers' Club. Port of Spain only a short distance from the base held points of interest for many.

From Trinidad, we set our course for Curacao, Netherlands West Indies. Of all the ports Williamstad was probably the most scenic. We tied up to a newly-completed dock, constructed to accommodate the expanding commercial shipping of this port. Curacao was similar to Surinam in being typically Dutch. As in that other Dutch possession, we were warmly treated by the government. Following a pleasant stay, we passed through the floating bridge and headed south.

On the fourth day of pleasant sailing and balmy breezes, we caught sight of Cartagena, Colombia. At the docks, copra, one of the country's chief exports was being handled twenty-four hours a day. Basketware and lace were among the many products that were brought back to the ship to return home as souvenirs. From Cartagena we made for the open sea and our next objective, Haiti.

The termination of four days at sea found us at the mouth of the bay that would take us to Haiti's capital, Port au Prince. On all sides of this inlet were carefully landscaped farms which produce many goods

for the homes of Port au Prince. Trips to factories by personnel from the school proved fruitful in view of the large purchases of mahogany and perfume that were made. Upon our departure from this island paradise, we set our course for the Gulf of Mexico.

Vera Cruz, Mexico was the highlight of the cruise. Visits were made by the Corps of Mexican Midshipmen and many friends were made. A dance was held on the Charleston which was a tremendous success. Senoritas from all over Vera Cruz attended. After ending a wonderful stop we started on the homeward leg.

On the 11th of March, we arrived at the delta of the Mississippi and proceeded up to the South's largest seaport, New Orleans. Of course, we were all thrilled to be there, the birthplace of Dixieland Jazz and a place where American history seems to be an almost tangible thing. But our hearts were not in it, for we had but a few short weeks to return home and it seemed that in no time at all we were headed down the Ole Miss and on the way to Florida.

A few days later we were steaming up that wrong way river, the St. Johns. The citizens of Jacksonville are justly proud of their river and city, but we could build up little enthusiasm, for now we were only one week away from that place we had so willingly left three months before, "Home".

At Philadelphia it was the same story; even a tremendous party thrown by the Commandant of the Naval Base could but temporarily black out that one burning thought, "We're almost home".

And so it came as a surprise to no one when one week later we sighted Boston Light many hours earlier than anticipated. Our 1955 Cruise was over and we shall never forget the wonderful experiences we were fortunate enough to enjoy.

FIRST CLASS CRUISE

A little less than one year after our return from the Caribbean, one hundred and eighty midshipmen lined the rails of the Charleston and watched the faces of their families and friends for the last time in ten weeks. We began our Mediteranean cruise with great anticipation for this novel adventure. Two days out, New England weather was a thing of the past. The young men began to get the feel of the erratic motion of the "Chung" and the upper classes fell once more into the routine of life at sea.

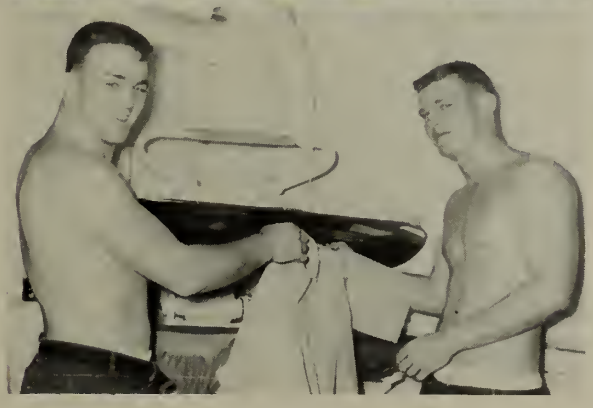
Just before noon on March the eighth, we dropped anchor in the serene, picturesque harbor of Hamilton, Bermuda. The corps of midshipmen quickly fell into the languid ways of this tourist paradise: Elbow Beach was soon strewn with the bodies of sun-worshipping middies, and the island's otherwise quiet highways were upset by squads of middie-manned motorbikes. Following three days of this pleasant atmosphere, we weighed anchor for Northern Anchorage, some three miles away, only to spend two more days in making minor repairs to the hull. Finally we made our departure for the Mediterranean and Europe.

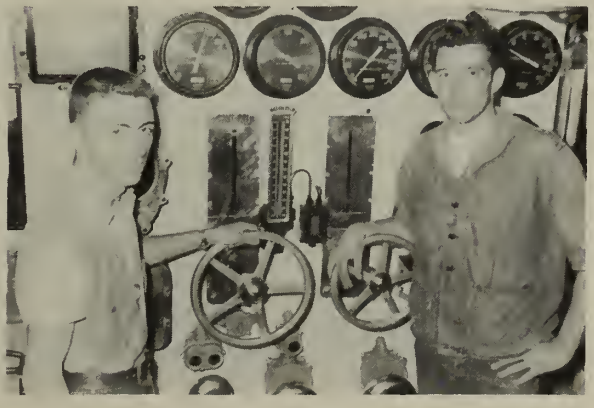
A following sea and beautiful weather made our first crossing of the "Big Pond" an enjoyable experience. Fourteen days after our departure from Hamilton, we entered the Straits of Gibraltar.

Finding our feet once more on solid ground, we began our ascent, for once we entered Gibraltar the only place left to go was up. With the discovery that this was a free port, a field day was declared and the shopping commenced. Obtaining special permission from the officials, the stores opened their doors even on Sunday to accommodate the "big spenders from the East".

When we finally poked our bow into the Mediterranean, everyone was busily storing away their newly acquired contraband.

Enroute to Marseille, we first encountered the cool, damp weather of European Spring, which was to follow us throughout the "Med".





A quiet two-day trip found us entering the "Old Port" of Marseille. We tied up with our counter extending over the sidewalk of "Can-a-Beer" Street. We found Marseille to be a typical French city, with sidewalk cafes, open carnivals, and pretty women. Many popped their first cork and the champagne helped to wash down the good French chow. The more fortunate members of Watch Three enjoyed a boat tour of the harbor and were shown the famous Chateau d'If, where the Count of Monte Cristo was held prisoner. The Consul-general entertained the cadet officers and petty officers with a cocktail party.

Through a bit of tricky maneuvering we successfully untangled ourselves from the small harbor of Marseille. Once again we put to sea but this time only for one day. Retracing our original course, we made our way to Barcelona and entered port on Easter Morning. It was a sunny April first when we tied up and were greeted by the sight of Columbus' statue standing proudly in the square. Close by was a replica of his original flagship, the Santa Maria.

Many people, arrayed in their Easter best, watched our entry to Barcelona, and gave us a warm welcome. After the church parties, the midshipmen witnessed their first authentic Bullfight and were swept up into the tradition of old Spain. Barcelona presents a charming mixture of old and new we shall long remember. The Port Watch was sadly disappointed by inclement weather, but they, nevertheless, enjoyed the many inherent beauties of this country. Among the many notable sights in Barcelona, was the mountain directly inland from

the city. A half hour's ride by bus and cable car brought us to the peak. Atop our high vantage point, we could observe the entire city on the ocean side and the low rolling hills that extended inland. While there, we visited a beautiful church and enjoyed the gaiety of a real Spanish carnival.

Gone but not forgotten are the lovely senoritas, as may be noted by the occasional letter postmarked "Espana." So reluctantly we departed, bidding fond "Adios" to our favorite hosts.

Another few days of this salty life and we found ourselves on the shores of Sunny Italy. Arriving in the busy port of Genoa, we witnessed perhaps the "Med's" largest merchant shipping center. Almost continually ships were docking or leaving from this bustling Italian harbor. We tied up beside a most impressive ship, the Charleston's scant three hundred feet dwarfed by the large, sparkling British cruiser H.M.S. Birmingham.

The first forty-eight was taken by the Port Watch, and during each section's two-

day leave the middies from Massachusetts managed to penetrate into most of Italy. Trips to Rome, Florence, and other points of interest proved unforgettable adventures for even these world travelers.

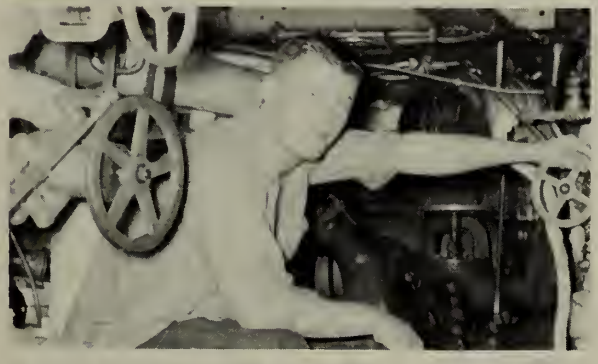
Somewhat cloudy weather failed to dampen our spirits as we gazed upon such wonders of the world as the Colosseum and the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The favorite topic of discussion was the many-coursed meals of delicious Italian cuisine. The many pounds lost at sea were soon regained in this gourmets' paradise.

One of our number appreciated Italy so much he decided to make the most of his stay. As the whistles blew and we prepared once more for sea, our somewhat tardy colleague managed to find his way back to face the music.

The Port Authority of Genoa entertained the middies of the duty section with a boat tour through its harbor, showing us the part this port is playing in the ever-expanding European merchant marine.

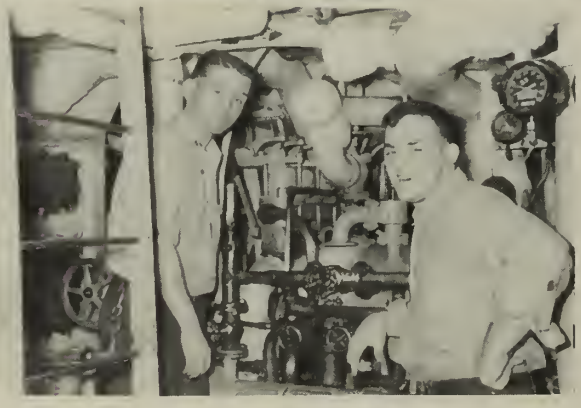
Three days in the calm Med brought us to the fueling port of Ceuta, where the Port Watch spent their first liberty day fueling. After "gassing up" the Chung, we traversed the final thirty-five miles of our journey to Tangier, and as the sun sank slowly in the west, our anchors sank, not so slowly, into the waters of this international harbor.

In this port, we found representatives of many nations and creeds. The wares of India, Africa, Europe and the Orient filled the many shops and bazaars. The assorted garbs of Hindus, Moslems and Arabs milled among those of the continent in the large market place, providing color and contrast for our eager camera-fiends.



The more adventurous among us found their way into the city's famous "casbah," where they discovered various forms of unusual entertainment. Others sought out the mythical "Caves of Hercules" and listened intently to hear the Siren's beckoning call.

Inlaid woodwork and Swiss jewelry-music boxes ranked highest among the souvenir hunters, although some found novelty in the native attire. This completed our tour of the Med, and as we passed once more between the pillars of Hercules, only the islands lay between us and the States.



Our first stop in the Atlantic was Funchal, Madeira. Arriving on the 18th of April, we anchored just outside the breakwater and once more sent liberty boats toward shore. Funchal, like Barcelona, boasted of an impressive mountain, directly behind the sea port. Many middies could be seen playing tourist in the open cars which brought them to the summit of the "Monte." From this point, toboggan sleds carried them swiftly down to the town again, where many purchased quantities of the famous linens, embroidery, and wine for which this island is world-renowned.

The island was well cared for throughout, with multitudinous flowers lining the cobblestone streets and sidewalks of inlaid tiles. Parks, statues and vine-covered rivers made Fuhchal a very attractive and picturesque port. Only, Port Watch was somewhat disappointed by unkind weather on their one day ashore. On the fourth day, we made our departure for a brief one-day hop to the Canary Islands.

Santa Cruz de Tenerife was another Spanish possession, and the people were most hospitable and congenial. During our two days in Santa Cruz, we were continually entertained by tours, dances and cocktail

parties. We traveled by bus to the northern side of the island, seeing the many banana plantations, the famous "Dragon Tree," almost 1,000 years old, and the island's now quiet volcano, reaching 12,000 feet into the sky. On both evenings the consulate held dances in our honor, and we enjoyed the company of the many beautiful senoritas of Santa Cruz. After a too short stay, we somewhat reluctantly sailed from this island paradise.

Any hesitation was soon forgotten, as our second crossing progressed into the calmest on record for the Charleston.

Finally, after ten balmy days at sea, we dropped our anchor in the harbor of San Juan, P.R. Shortly before noon, the fifth of May, following clearing by customs and quarantine, we slid into the dock at the Reserve Army Base.

Here we found a pleasant touch of the States which was again coming so near. We began to enjoy the fresh milk and ice cream which had been deleted from our diet since our departure from Boston.

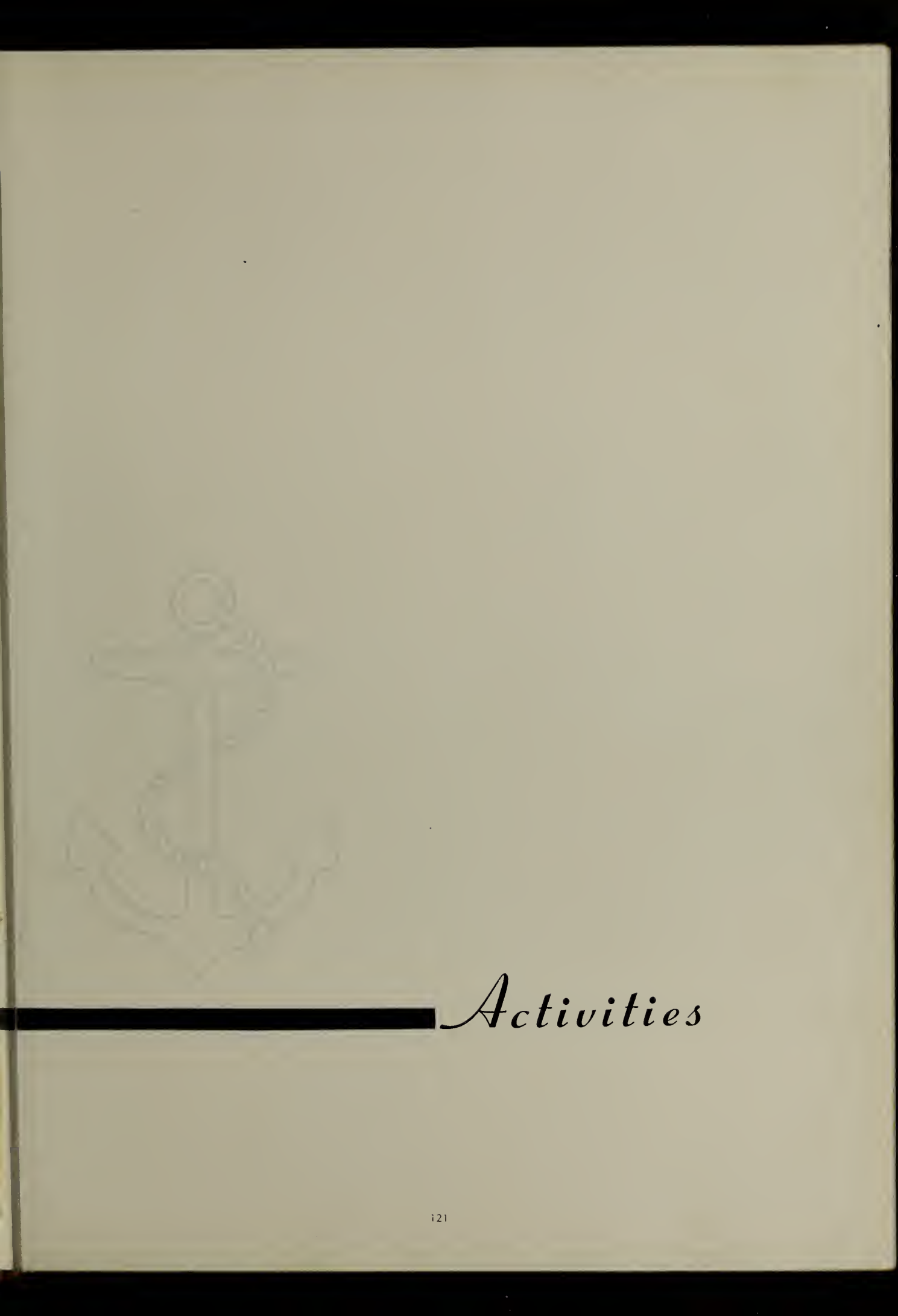
The middies flocked to the beaches and pools to find some escape from the torrid sun which was now almost directly overhead, the Armed Forces beach and the Caribe Hilton hotel pool being the most popular.

In the evenings, the Navy base offered a pleasant source of entertainment with the Officers club, the C.P.O. club, and the dance that never came off. Some even tried their hand at the local Casino. On the following Monday we headed northward on our last big leg of the cruise. It was during these five days at sea that Uncle Sidney discovered old age was finally catching up with him as he became known as the "birdman".

On Friday afternoon, May 11th, we entered Chesapeake Bay after having made the only smooth passing of Cape Hatteras in our three cruises. Early the next morning we slipped into the dock at Baltimore, Maryland.

On the first two liberty days many of the middies made excursions to nearby Washington, D. C., where they were profoundly impressed with its size and beauty. On the last liberty day, the first class engineers were invited for a tour of the Glenn L. Martin aircraft plant on the outskirts of Baltimore. The tour was initiated by several alumni who work for the company. All of us attending were extremely grateful for the courtesy shown by the Glenn Martin Company.

The following day we left Baltimore and taking a canal across to the Delaware River, we commenced the last leg of our last cruise. Two days later as we steamed up the Cape Cod Canal we couldn't help but think that this was our last trip on the Charleston. And though we had many gripes and complaints, we knew that we'd never forget the good times we had on this cruise, and could only hope that sometime in the uncertain future we could get together and relive some of the experiences of our schoolship years.



Activities

Ring Dance

Once again the Sheraton Plaza was the scene of this our most momentous social occasion. Feverish weeks of drill had made the honor-guard letter-perfect. Our ladies, meeting us under the replica of our ring, placed upon our fingers this proud symbol of our allegiance to the sea and then sealed the gift with a kiss.

All too soon Ken Reeve's orchestra was playing the last dance, and we broke up into smaller parties because it was just too soon to stop such a wonderful evening. To the Committee, to the men of the honor-guard, to those of our faculty who attended, we say thank you.

First Row, left to right: Walter Piotti, Kevin Shyne, Robert Greer, Richard MacDonald.
Second Row: Eugene Coughlin, William Vesey, Robert Hamwey, Anthony D'Angelo.

RING DANCE COMMITTEE

The Ring Dance Committee should be congratulated upon organizing a most successful dance. This, the most important affair in a Midshipman's social life, requires careful planning and a high degree of organization; hence competent men were selected by us. They carried through to make our most important dance also our most successful one. Thanks from us all.

First Row, left to right: Charles McAdams, Kevin Shyne, William Caniff.
Second Row: James Mulqueeny, David Jordan, Theodore Parent.

RING COMMITTEE

The Ring Committee's job is one of the most difficult, for they are expected not only to select the best ring but to please the class as a whole. And sometimes these requirements do not coincide. In any case, we are proud of the ring we wear, and we thank the committee for their choice.

THE MUSTER

First Row: Corsano, Donahue, Church, Burgess, Hamwey.
Second Row: McAdams, Trapp, Cullinane, Soule.

Through the combined efforts of the yearbook staff and Mr. Clark, the 1956 MUSTER was made possible. Many weary hours of organization, copy-writing, soliciting of advertisements, and various other tasks went into it.

About a month before the cruise, the book began to take shape. It was completed, except for the last cruise, before our sailing date, March 5. With close co-operation between the staff in the Mediterranean and Mr. Clark here in the States, the MUSTER was completed and sent to the printer.

The class expresses its gratitude to Jack Donahue and Frank Burgess, co-editors, Bob Hamwey, business manager, the rest of the staff, and Mr. Clark for a job well done.

Following our third class cruise, the class was faced with the important task of electing class officers. After serious deliberation and discussion we elected Dick MacDonald president, Ronald MacIntyre vice president, Bob Hamwey secretary, and Morgan Ryan treasurer.

Although two years have passed and various circumstances have changed the class considerably, we still feel that we made a wise choice of leaders.

Their position is, for the most part, a thankless one. The class of 1956 wishes now to express its gratitude for their efforts in mediating at our meetings, organizing our parties, collecting dues, and the various other tasks that go with these positions.

HAMWEY, Secretary; MacDONALD, President; MacINTYRE, Vice President; RYAN, Treasurer.

CLASS OFFICERS

THE BAND

First Row: Scarlata, O'Connor, Mansfield, Parent, Broadbent, Cullinane. *Second Row:* Atkinson, Edney, Cashman, R. Young, Meyer. *Third Row:* Jordan, Dowd, Koopman, Blazewicz, Buthman.

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy Band became the fine organization it now is, thanks to the initial shove given it by Dick Phelan in our "Youngie" year. Its greatest asset came in our second semester in the form of the Buthman-Koopman combo. From then on the Band has remained a credit to the Academy.

The first class members are Band Leader Ted Parent, trumpeters Dave Jordan and Jack Edney, drummers Jim Mansfield, Ed Cullinane, and Dick MacDonald, and lastly that player-of-any-instrument-nobody-else-would-play Dick O'Connor.

The less talented Midshipmen wish to thank the band members for the sacrifice of their time necessary to bring us their wonderful music—at games, rallies, and especially at the 0800 formations.

DRILL SQUAD

Although it did not have many opportunities to display its prowess, the Drill Squad performed expertly when given the chance. A good deal of its proficiency is due to the instruction and patience of Major McCluskey.

The squad participated in the half-time exercises of a number of football games and demonstrated its ability on National Maritime Day.

First classmen who gave of their time and energy both at practice and at the functions were Jim Corsano, Paul Lynch, Jim Quirk, Morgan Ryan, Ed Halpin, Walter Piotti, Steve Soule, Bob Hamwey, and Paul Standly.

First Row: Graham, Kendrigan, Weaver, Manning, Hogan, McCluskey. *Second Row:* Halpin, Ascolillo, Spillane, Corsano, Broadbent, McCluskey, McCarthy. *Third Row:* Strautman, Greer, Kenney, Piotti, Ferrera, Caniff.

CLASS HISTORY

"Your name, son. You're in first division, section two, starboard watch, etc., etc. Go forward and wait until you're called."

So started our life at M.M.A. Bewildered suddenly thrust into the alien atmosphere of the sea and its lingo, we rapidly found ourselves disappearing under mountains of gear and books which we were expected to stow into impossibly small spaces. Hat too large? It'll shrink. Pants too small? That's O.K. They'll stretch.

At last, outfitted like typical Midshipmen, we were ready to meet the terrorous Upper-Jobs. Every night for months could be heard the weird strains of our tribal chant: "Herba is our leader."

After four months of intensive study we made a new discovery. To shocked cries of "The ship! She's moving!" we got underway for annual overhaul. Three weeks in drydock, and we were off on our first cruise south. It seemed as though no sooner had we started than we were seeing Boston Light over the bow, and we were home.

Before we knew it the summer was over, exams had been safely negotiated, and our day of revenge dawned. The new Young Men arrived. We donned our eight-inchers and became Second-Jobs. A new system was started by the Youngies: "Write a letter and straighten the place out." So Rules and Regs prevailed for a while.

The year rolled by, we went to drydock again and had the midships house welded back to the boat-deck, and soon we were off again, headed south. Between the two cruises, we became extremely knowledgeable young men concerning the Caribbean. Again, before we knew it, we were home again and settled down to the books.

The summer went by without mishap until the day before we became Upper-Jobs, when a sudden check muster kept a few of the would-be graduates around for further training.

After two weeks of much-anticipated leave we returned to wreak havoc among the newly-acquired Youngies—until a brief visit from the Commissioners on Friday afternoon left an air of "watch your aggies and double up on the 86's."

As the semester got underway we found that evening studies had become what they were intended for, instead of what we figured they ought to be. Our cadet officers were chosen, and much organized confusion was again introduced to the troops.

During September the Ring Dance took place at the Sheraton Plaza. As usual, it was a highly memorable affair—one we won't forget.

October saw a break in studies and a trip to drydock. Some of us went to New York to Gyro School, while the rest of us prepared the ship for annual inspection. After three weeks of overnights and home-cooked chow back we went to the Bay.

Then, as winter began knocking at our door, we were surveyed for a new pier and an infernal sodium vapor light was erected on the dock. The days seemed to go even faster, if possible.

Christmas leave was over, we survived the ordeal of midyears, and we waited impatiently until March 5 for our European cruise to begin.

Soon we were steering a course across the Pond for Gibraltar and our final cruise aboard the CHN. Back again ten weeks later, we settled down for the final grind—for this was our last chance to prepare for the coming ordeal

Eight weeks passed by like the wind, and final exams were upon us. Somewhat bewildered, we found ourselves at the Mates' Exams, never again to live the life we had known for the past three years. But fond memories of those times, enshrined here in the MUSTER, will be always with us.

Sports

SCOREBOARD

M.M.A.		*Opponents*
13	New Haven Teachers College	18
7	New Britain Teachers College	18
7	Worchester Polytech	26
0	Fort Dix	30
39	Quonset Point N.A.S.	12
6	Maine Maritime Academy	20
72		124

The class of 1956 will always be remembered for the group of fine football players it brought to Mass. Maritime Academy.

For all three years of their stay at the school, these six men have been on the starting eleven: Tom Duggan, Dan Ward, Reg Berry, Bob Brennock, Enoch Malkasian, and Gene Flynn. Others on the club were Jim Mulqueeny, Chuck McAdams, Tom McLaughlin, Kel Matteson and Frank Burgess. Tony D'Angelo was the very capable manager from our class.

FOOTBALL

Coach Harrington and Co-Capt. Tom

MARINERS

In 1953 and 1954 the "Mariners" enjoyed great seasons, losing only single games each year. As Youngmen the defeat was handed to us by Phillips Andover, and in 1954 by a Worcester Polytech team that was undefeated and scored on in only two games. M.M.A. was one of the teams to score against Worcester.

By some strange coincidence a large number of ballplayers on these excellent teams that Mr. Harrington has put together have come from Dorchester. Tom Duggan, Bob Brennock, and Gene Flynn played together at "Dot" High before coming to the Academy. In 1952, Dan Ward was captain of Boston Tech and Pincho McLaughlin was co-captain at Boston Trade. All five of these outstanding players reside in Dorchester.

A very large Fullback

Gene — Bob — Dan

Bobby with one arm.

Tommy up the middle

Tony out in the open.

Though the largest single group of players came from Dorchester, our team did not consist solely of middies from there. Reg Berry was a tremendous end who played high school ball at Marblehead. Enoch Malkasian played the same brand of excellent ball for Munson Academy as he has at M.M.A. Jim Mulqueeny ran from halfback at Tabor Academy, Kel Matteson quarterbacked at Dennis High, Chuck McAdams was a star center for Falmouth High and Frank Burgess played end and guard for Weymouth.

Tony at his specialty again.

Jim — Frank — Chuck — Mal

Two handsome Dorchester lads.

Tom on the one-inch line.

Wishing to play a better schedule in our First Class year, we urged Mr. Harrington to contract as many small colleges as possible. Though it was against his better judgment, Mr. Harrington signed up New Haven State Teachers College, New Britain Teachers College, and Brooklyn College, plus Worcester Tech whom we had played in 1954.

We started the season with wonderful spirit and high hopes. Our spirit was only slightly dampened by our 18-13 loss in New Haven in the opening game, for we gave this strong Conn. club the scare of its life before bowing.

But Mr. Harrington's fears about our lack of depth began to materialize as early as the second game. The day before the New Britain contest Reg Berry was lost for the season. The next day we lost our second game of the season, 18-7. The following week we played Worcester Tech without Dan Ward, Tom McLaughlin, Kel Matteson, and Reg. Again it was raining and again we lost. We were scheduled to battle Newport next but it was raining too hard this time, and the game was cancelled.

"Pincho"

"Chuck"

We did not play Brooklyn because they cancelled their schedule. So instead of going two weeks in a row without a game we agreed to play Fort Dix of New Jersey. Much to our chagrin Fort Dix had nine pros on their club and led by Buford Long they bombed us 30-0. But the following week it was a different story. Returning to the single wing we ruined Quonset Point 39-12.

Now, if we could beat Maine we would have a successful season. But fate was not with us, and a highspirited Maine club licked us 20-6.

Though we ended the season on a note of sadness, we shall never forget these games; in only one we triumphed, but in all we played with everything we had.

Our one victory—Quonset

Halftime at Quonset

Danny

Enoch — Frank

BASKET

Athletics at M.M.A. seem to have an ever present nemesis, bad luck. Before the basketball season had even begun, we lost two starters with leg injurys. Co-captain John Blazewicz broke his ankle in a practice game and Don Sinclair broke his leg in the last play of the Maine game. Because of this double loss, Mr. Zimmerman had to revamp his plans; he now had to mold the team around the accurate shooting and fine playmaking of Co-captain John Fitzgerald.

The third returning veteran, Phil Ziminsky, was the second starter, and played fine ball until he left school midway through the schedule. Rounding out the first team were three third classmen, Leo Smith, Charlie Chorlton, and Joe Bradley. Reserves were: Jack Aylmer, Dan Cash, Jerry McCormick, Jim O'Neil, Bruce Andrews, Bob O'Connell, Bill Atkinson, Charlie Fields, and playing-managers Frank Burgess and Tony Scarlata. Buz Schofield and Mike Polletta were third class managers.

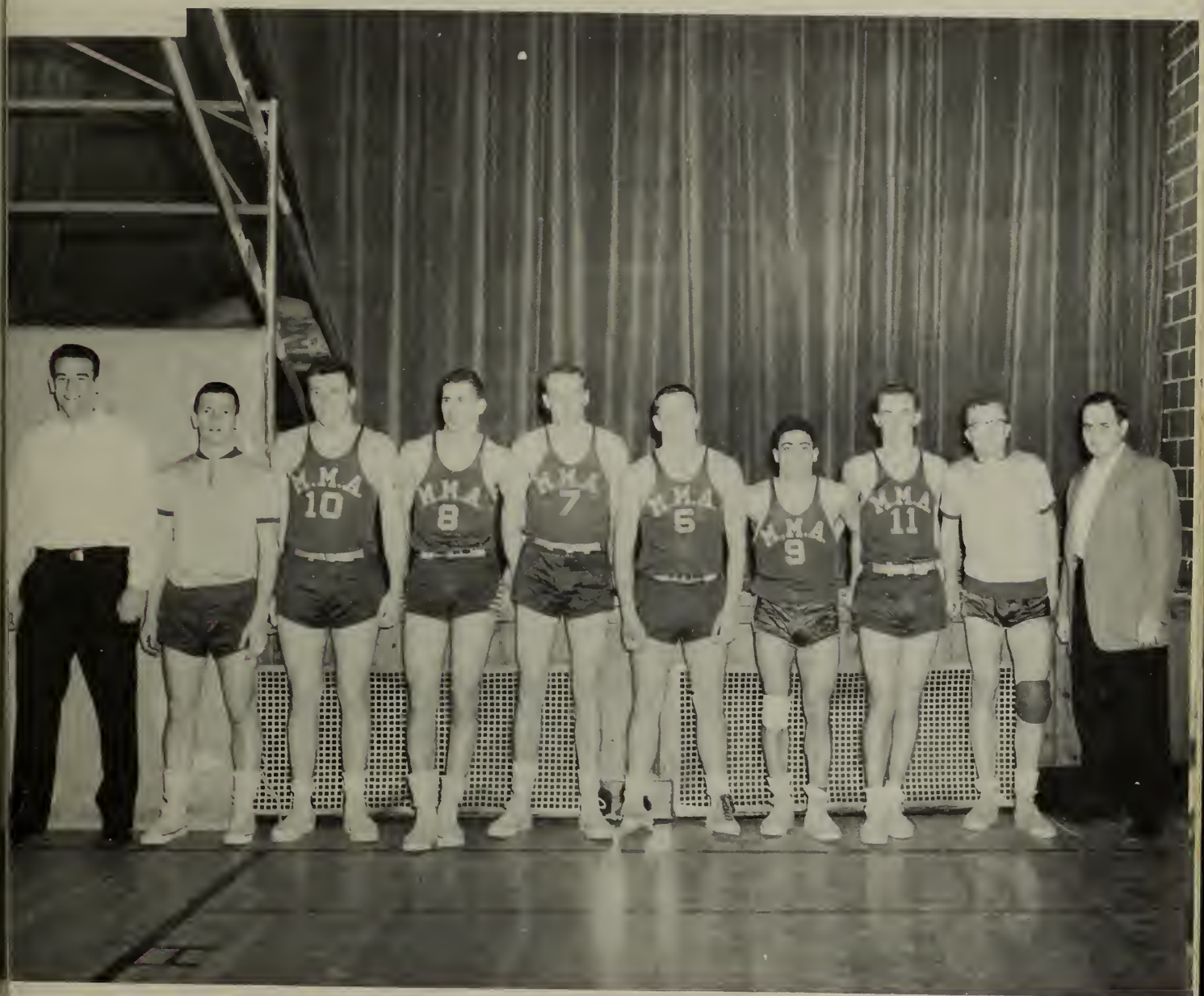
Though the season was poor as far as victories were concerned, invaluable experience was gained by the team, and as only two men are leaving, next year should be a much more successful venture.

SCOREBOARD

M.M.A.		*Opponent*
78	Swain School of Design	71
79	Swain School of Design	84
63	Merrimac College	65
53	Stonehill College	77
75	New Bedford Textile	85
74	Dean Jr. College	93
67	N.Y. State Maritime	84
51	Adelphi College	80
42	Stonehill College	74
62	Durfee Textile	71
43	Providence Bible Coll.	57
67	New Bedford Textile	88
69	Otis Air Force Base	85
65	Providence Bible Coll.	72

Frank, Blake, and Jack

BALL



Left to right: Buz Schofield, Charlie Chorlton, Don Sinclair, Jerry McCormick, Jack Aylmer, Frank Burgess, Tony Scarlata, Paul Harrington, Bill Atkinson, Coach Dick Zimmerman.

BASEBALL

ON THE DIAMOND

The Class of 1956 can feel justly proud of its contribution to Mass. Maritime's baseball team. With such outstanding ballplayers as Bob Brennock, Enoch Malkasian, Paul Mowder, Dick Bee, Jim Johnson, Arthur Aldrich, and Tom McLaughlin holding down vital spots on the squad, the Mariners continued to succeed, both in the Cape Cod League and on the annual winter cruises against the pick of the foreign ball clubs.

A large part of this success is due to the patient and inspired leadership of Coach Lee Harrington. But Mr. Harrington was more than a coach, for often when circumstances beyond control prevented a full team from leaving the ship, he would don a suit and give the middies a display of the fine brand of ball he played at Holy Cross. We are also indebted to Mr. Page, who gave of his service and time to make possible the many games played on the cruises.

With a deep sense of gratitude, the Class of 1956 wishes to thank Mr. Page, Mr. Zimmerman, and especially Mr. Harrington for making possible not only our baseball team, but the entire athletic program, which has enriched our memories of the academy.

Danny all alone

Kevin and Frank

INTRAMURAL

Jim — Frank — Dan

Touche — Dick Greer

Tom and "Mat"

"Jim" at bat

"Cash" and "Mal"

SPORTS

Bob Strautman

Give us a big smile, Dan.

"Bob" and "Dick"

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We should like to list them here.

Our thanks go to the administration of the Academy for their generous help in terms of making possible our advertising campaign; to our many patrons, parents of all the Midshipmen; and to our advertisers.

Thank you for the 1956 MUSTER.

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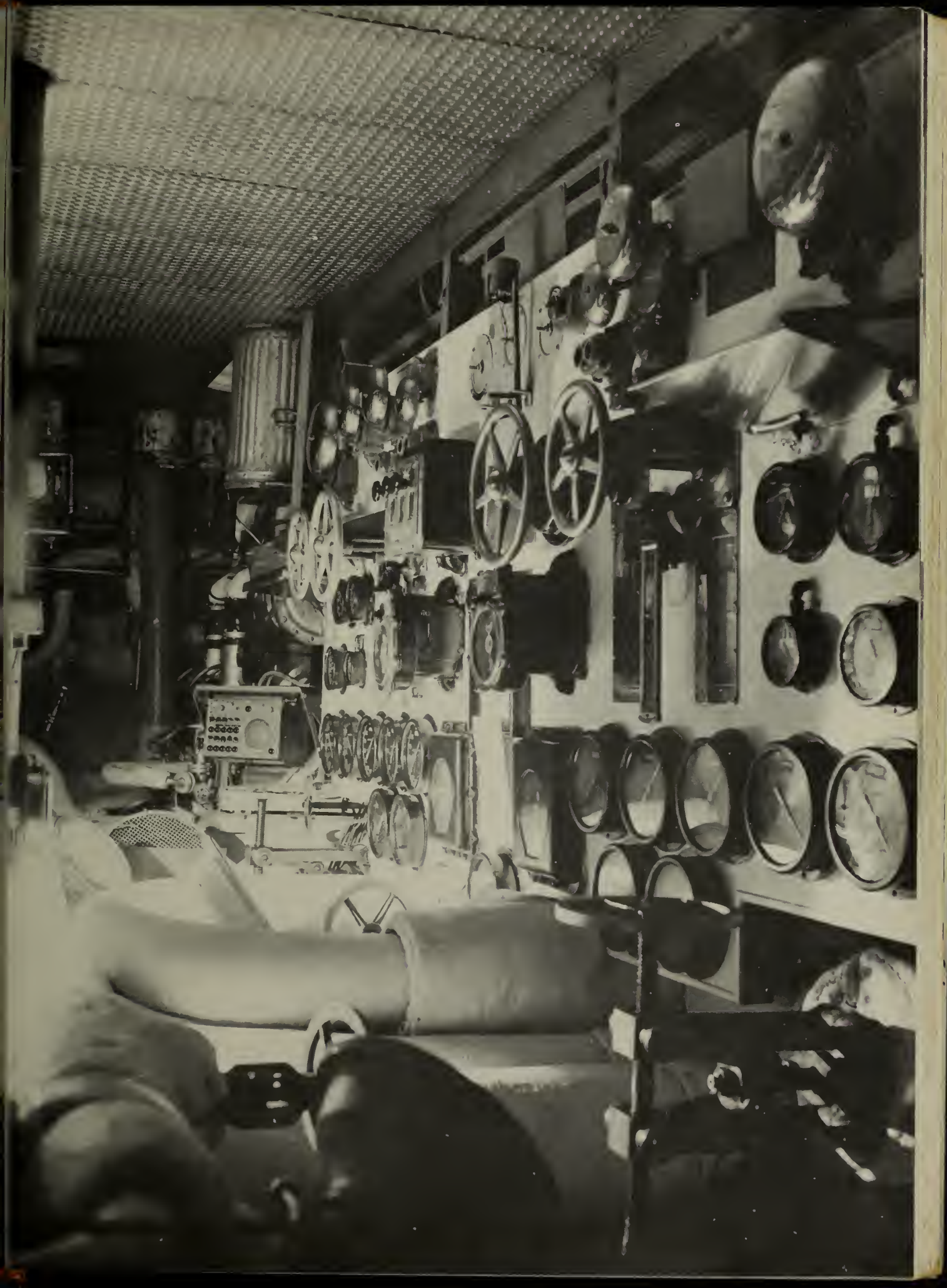
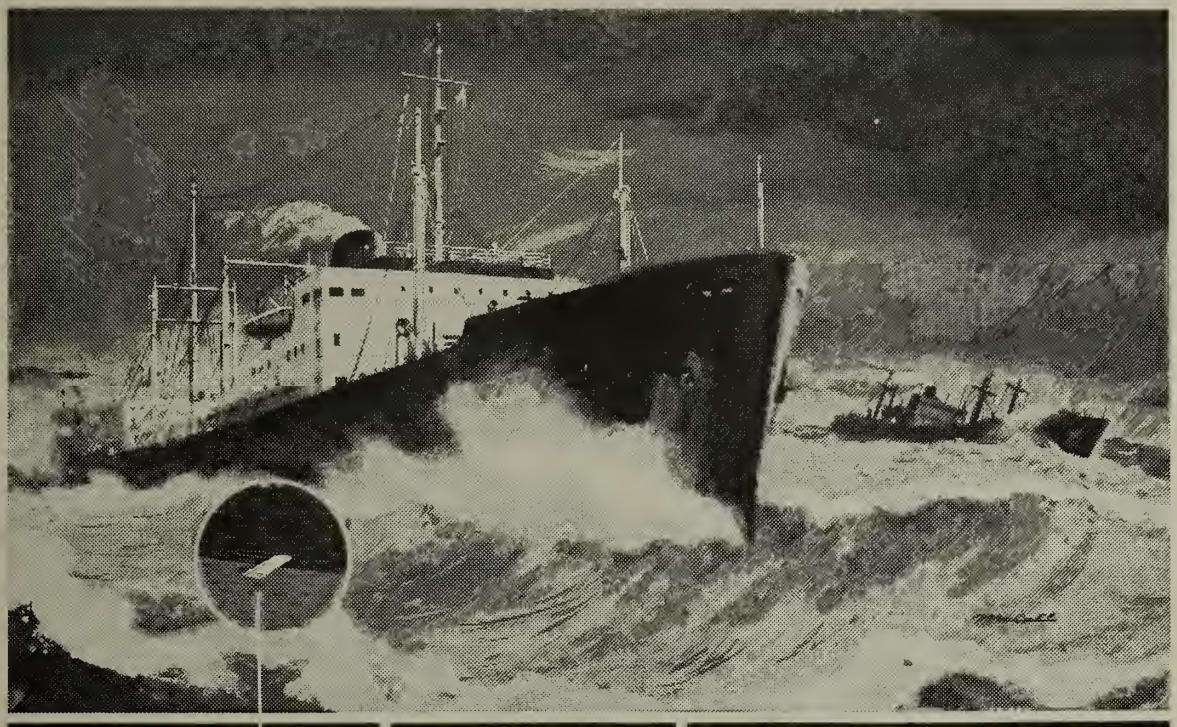
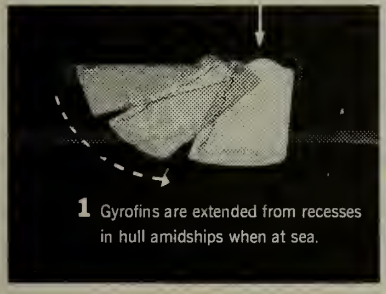
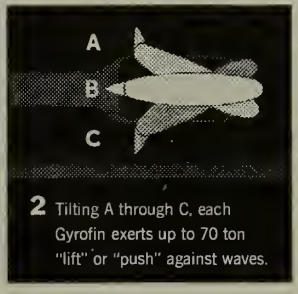






1 Gyrofins are extended from recesses in hull amidships when at sea.



2 Tilting A through C, each Gyrofin exerts up to 70 ton "lift" or "push" against waves.

3 RESULT: Stabilized ship improves course and speed while unstabilized ship is forced to cut speed.

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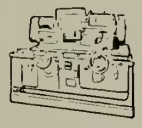

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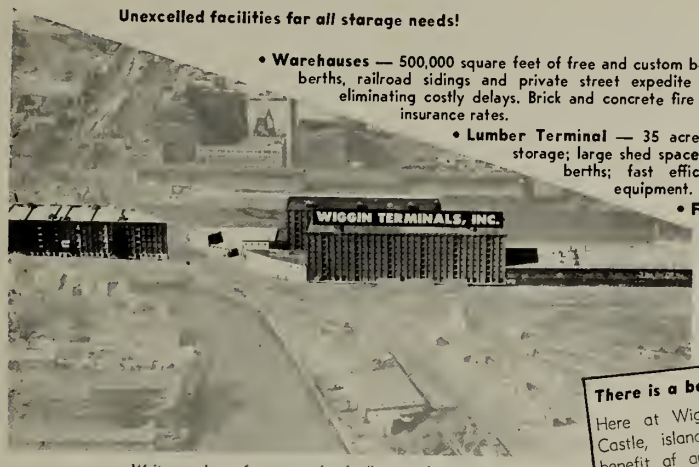

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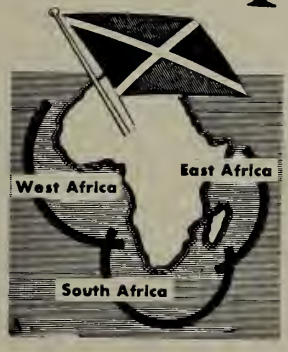

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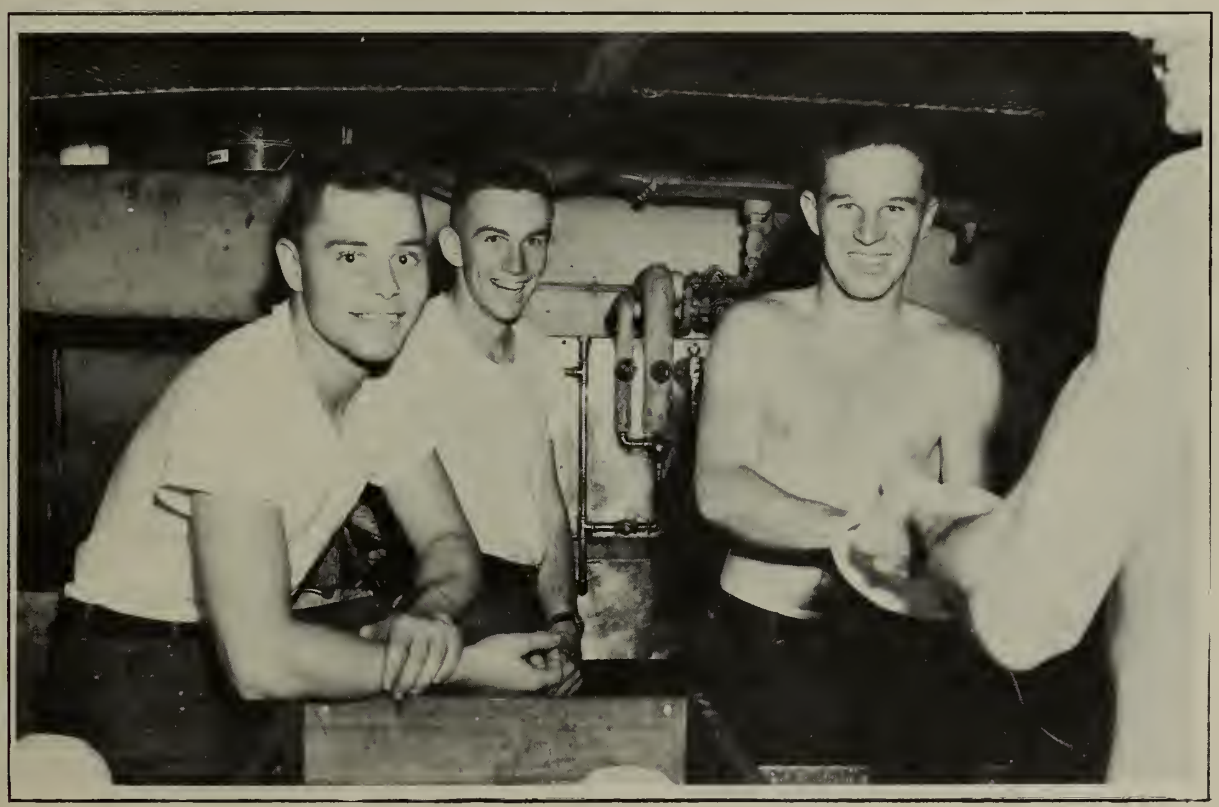

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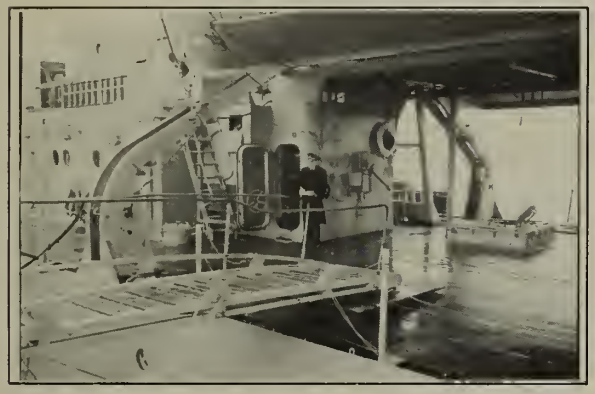

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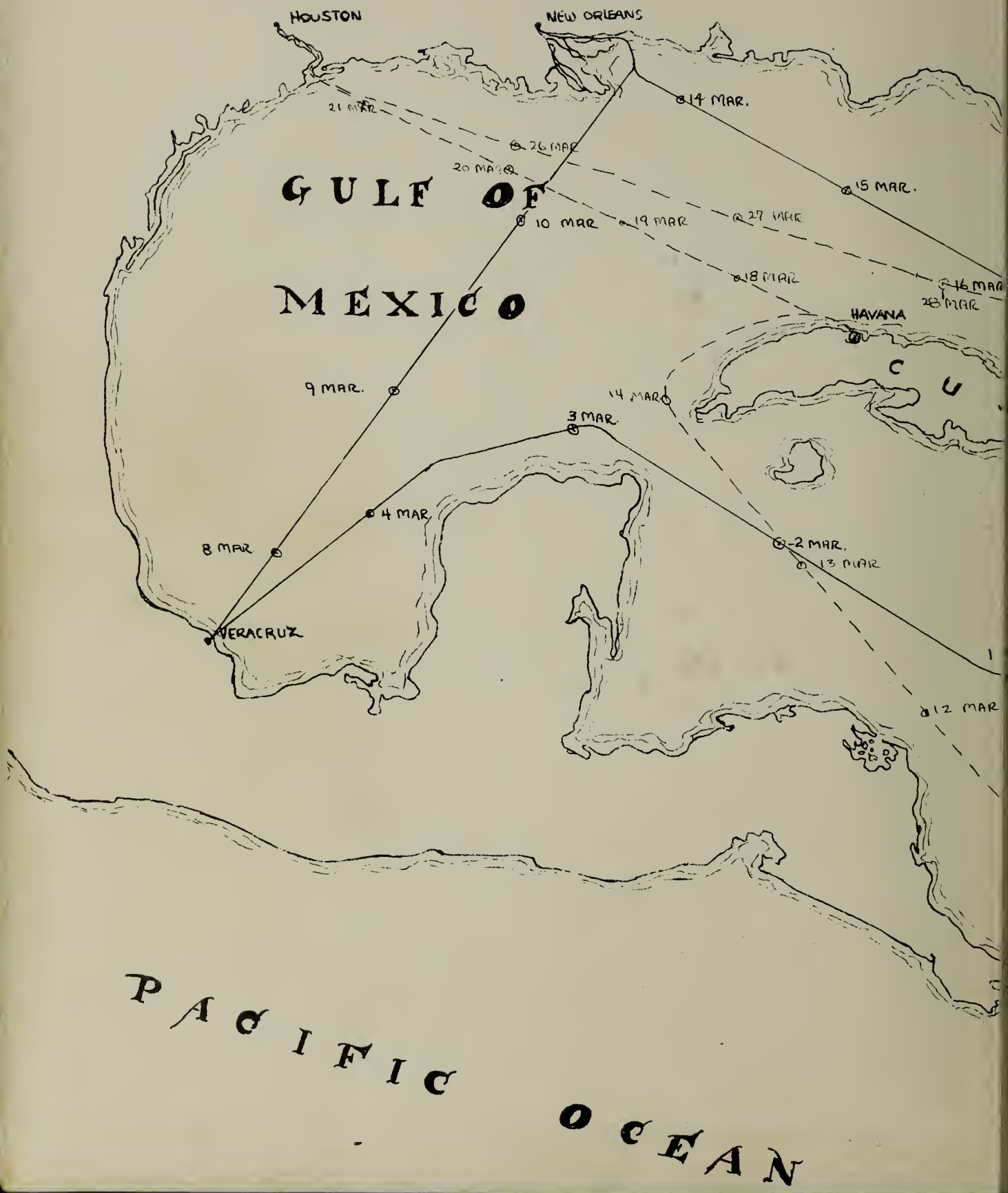
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